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SERMON

Descriptive of a Month's Tour in the United States, including a Visit to the Western Conference of Unitarian Christians, at Louisville, in May, 1854.

BY REV. S. GILMAN, D.D.

SENIOR PASTOR OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

ROM. xv. 32: "That I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed."

THE character of the Apostle Paul seems to gather fresh lustre, and to ascend higher and higher in the estimate of mankind, as the ages of Christianity advance. He may be said to grow every year upon the admiration of the world. The combination of qualities recorded as centering in him was indeed rare and unexampled. As it is improbable, and in fact morally impossible, that any mere human genius could have fabricated such an impersonation as Jesus of Nazareth, so there is a like impossibility that any intellectual ingenuity or creative imagination could have devised those bold and glowing lineaments which were exhibited by Saul of Tarsus. All about this apostle, as he appears in the New Testament, is real, natural, lifelike, salient, speaking, palpable, fiery; yet gentle, genuine, and impressive. Who does not feel, in a manner, *acquainted* with the Apostle Paul? Over the person of *Jesus* there hangs, as it were, a sort of mysterious, tender, mild, and unapproachable *reserve*, like a solemn cloud over a grand horizontal sun. We feel that there are unknown depths in *his* spirit, to which we can never, never

penetrate or attain, although other portions of his character come home, as it were, to our inmost bosoms with the whole captivating power of a loving fraternity and humanity. But Paul resembles the *lightning* that darts forth from the cloud. He bursts on the sight, storms the attention, and instantaneously engrosses the apprehension. It is but a few days ago, that, in conversing at the North with one of the best read scholars in the country, a lawyer by profession, and unquestionably free from any bias or prepossession to warp his judgment, I had the pleasure of hearing him remark, that he regarded the character of Paul as one of the most deeply interesting and original in all literature or history. In fact, while Greece and Rome can boast of the biographies inscribed by a Plutarch, as composing one of the most inestimable treasuries of uninspired humanity, Christianity certainly can more than match them all, including the commemorated worthies of every other nation, ancient or modern, in no more than the two recorded characters of Jesus and of Paul. We have, in this very fact, a new and separate proof of the divinity of our religion, which thus embodies the two most original, elevated, and perfect ideals of humanity that are known to exist. On the supposition that the Deity intended to introduce a new and supernatural dispensation into the world for its elevation and salvation, we can well understand how he could have brought into historical juxtaposition two such personages as Jesus and Paul; the one to *originate*, and the other to *plant* and *extend*, the religion with which he designed to bless mankind. These two personages are worthy of the religion, and the religion is worthy of them. There is a mutual and vital adaptation between them, like the warp and woof of a garment. The whole texture of the New Testament is thus, in this instance, as in a thousand others, of one piece, harmonious, self-sustaining, consistent, and divine.

On recently returning home from a happy tour of one month, which had been undertaken to recruit my energies after the labors and excitements of the past winter and spring, as well as especially to accept an invitation to attend the Annual Western Conference of Unitarian Christians, held this year in Louisville, Ky., it occurred to me that incidents of sufficient interest and importance had been presented to my personal experience to make them the subject of a formal discourse before this respected

congregation. I thought that even here, in the sanctuary, you would not be unwilling to follow your senior pastor in his reminiscences of one of the most highly favored periods in his life, brief as it was, and to receive some account of an extremely interesting convocation, held by your brethren of a common liberal faith, in a comparatively remote quarter of the land. I remembered the interest which you exhibited and expressed in a similar account, delivered the last autumn, of the Unitarian Convention at Worcester. While pondering on the many topics which thronged for admission into the construction of the contemplated discourse, I felt confident that I could easily find an appropriate text for such a sermon somewhere in the writings of St. Paul. And scarcely had I turned towards the conclusion of his Epistle to the Romans (the first as it stands in the Bible, though not the first which was written in the order of time), when my eyes met the very words which of all others could most exactly represent the fulness of my own heart and the nature of my recent experience, of which I desired to give an account. Paul himself had been engaged in one of those numerous journeys with which his arduous and busy life was so intensely occupied. He writes to his friends at Rome, and earnestly beseeches their prayers for his safe return, giving this as the ground for his request, — “that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed.” How his social and affectionate nature bursts through all the other circumstances and elements of his character and position! He permits not the conscious dignity of an apostle, nor the numerous perils which every moment threatened his life, nor the profound themes of unequalled magnitude and interest which heaved the inmost depths of his soul, to abate one jot of those sweet human sympathies which bound him to his suffering and believing and loving brethren. Why, then, should I hesitate to introduce even into these solemn services of the sanctuary, before my sympathizing fellow-worshippers, a detail of such personal experiences as may not be inappropriate to the sanctities of the place, and may appeal to their kindly religious and moral interest? Themes may be presented, worthy of your serious reflection, as Americans, as Christians, and as men. And if but one enlarged and just conception can be introduced into your minds, one elevated purpose awakened, one thrill of affectionate religious

sympathy prompted, I shall be cheered by the thought that a month's busy recreation has not been enjoyed, nor the slight trouble of reviving, arranging, and recording these reminiscences, been undergone, in vain.

And let me first render a feeble tribute of gratitude to Almighty God for the exceeding kindness of his Providence in protecting me amidst the perils and exposures of so very rapid and extensive a journey, and for crowding into so brief a space so many opportunities of enjoyment and improvement. Here, with great comparative ease, and with scarcely any exhaustion or fatigue, have I been transported through more than three thousand miles of land and river travel, — starting on the first day of May, and arriving home on the first day of June, — resting, in different places, considerably more than half the whole number of days absent; losing only one night's sheltered repose; conveyed along almost the whole route from hand to hand by hospitable friends, some old and some new, whose kind faces alone were a delight to my eyes; rarely compelled to lodge in public hotels; permitted to behold some of the rarest and most glorious wonders of nature in the world; allowed to participate in a variety of scenes, whose moral and religious interest was dear to my heart; and returning in greatly improved health, and without the shadow of a sad accident, to my friends, whose large and endeared circle I also found uninvaded by disease or death, or other heart-rending calamity. Surely one portion of the text has thus been verified, in the apostle's wish to his friends, that *he might come unto them with joy by THE WILL OF GOD*. Yes, by *the will of God!* I rejoice to believe, and I think it the truest philosophy as well as the loftiest and noblest *religion* to believe, that those passages of our happiest experience on earth, as well as many of our sorrows, trials, and occasions of seemingly gloomy discipline, are intrinsically and inseparably dependent on the positive will of the Almighty Sovereign. Be assured, my friends, there is no superstition, but there is the most enlarged and enlightened *wisdom*, in referring these things to a divine and overruling Providence. The undevout and short-sighted groper among second causes may indeed shut his eyes to this glorious and comforting doctrine of God's Providence. He may see nothing but a dark wall of blind fate, or a shifting curtain of mere capricious chance, or only the unassisted power and skill and

handiwork of man, intervening between himself and inevitable destruction. When the steam-car has thundered along in perfect safety three thousand miles in the course of a single week, and has transported its passengers uninjured from the polar zone to the equatorial tropic, he exclaims, Behold the wonderful achievements of *man* — see the grand trophies of *science*! The achievements of *man*! The trophies of *science*! True, I *do* see and acknowledge and admire them. But does my kindling and ascending imagination stop short with *them*, as a fluttering bat stops short at a hard buttress of brick and mortar? No, never! Who, I should like to know, *endued* man with the power of foreseeing danger, of profiting by past experience, of guarding against probable or possible injury? Who *inspired* those comprehensive and godlike achievements of science and of art? Who *united* the whole human race together by ties so intimate, extensive, and profound, that a single discovery of science, or a single improvement in art, effects the happiness and advancement of unnumbered millions? Who arranged those harmonious relations which exist between the organic and inorganic world, between mind and matter, between diminutive man and the boundless universe that surrounds him, enabling him to wield, to balance, to adjust, to remove, to fashion, and to appropriate all things, rivers, mountains, oceans, rocks, lands, soils, seeds, animals, labor, and even human wills, to his own comfort, convenience, and enjoyment? Who impressed on sublunary things, on human affairs, and on individual and social intelligence, those manifest tendencies, which lead, on the whole, *away* from suffering, degradation, decay, and extinction, and conduct towards happy developments of enjoyment, improvement, renovation, and vital progressive energy? In all these things I am led to contemplate a power higher than man's, an agency more glorious than science, a *cause* more adorable than second or third or fourth rate *effects*. I am conducted into the region of benevolent *design* — into the presence of an overruling Providence — into the folding *arms*, almost, of a loving and protecting God! And hundreds of times, during and since my recent journey, have I been carried into these trains of contemplation, which I would no more wish to forfeit and renounce, than to renounce my power of breathing, and which I would earnestly and unceasingly inculcate on *you*, my hearers, to cherish, like your very heart's

blood, amidst the varied experiences which roll in upon you from this chequered, and wonderful, and mysterious, yet still glorious great deep of existence. Such is my humble and practical commentary on St. Paul's ardent prayer, that *he* might be restored to his friends, *with joy*, BY THE WILL OF GOD. To descend, however, to details of somewhat more personal experience.

I record with gratitude, both to Heaven and man, the uniform courtesy and kindness which I everywhere received from the hands of entire strangers, or from casual acquaintances. Persons on whom I had no sort of claim would frequently volunteer to relieve me from the little troubles and oversights of travelling, and seem to fulfil towards me the relation of brother or of child. The phrase, *this cold world*, lost for me, I know not why, all its significance or application. It is at once honorable to our country, and pleasing to the lover of humanity, to behold the mutual civilities which perpetually pass between those whose lot it is to journey together through the land. Something of this is no doubt owing to the humanizing nature of our excellent political institutions, and still more, as I fondly believe, to the influence of that heaven-born Christianity, in which our whole community may happily be said to be more or less educated. In the north of Virginia, there entered the cars an orphan-lad, fourteen years of age, without a dollar in his pocket, who undertook to work his way to Charleston by relating his simple story to the conductors along the route. The conductors all allowed him a free passage; the passengers made up a little purse for his other expenses; and he arrived safely with us in our city, where he purposed to seek for some trade or employment. It is very difficult for one who experiences or observes these constant exhibitions of disinterested kindness among perfect strangers to each other, to believe in the monstrous dogma of total human depravity. Such a belief, in fact, is checked and stultified at every moment of our progress through life. The possibility of agreeable travel itself, the tranquillity and progress of society, the peaceful smiling landscape, and the well-ordered, thriving city, — all, all constrain us, in accents not to be despised, to interpret a few bold passages and figures of speech in Scripture in harmony and conformity with innumerable *other* passages, which unmistakably declare and imply that there is a large intermingling of *good* along with the

imperfections, infirmities, and sins of our incomprehensible race. During the long voyages on our western rivers, when a clergyman is present on the sabbath, he is generally requested to officiate, and great respect is paid to his services by all on board the vessel. Yet, even on this very journey, there were proofs sufficiently ample that the moral and religious reformer has still a great work to achieve in our country. Conscious delinquencies indeed the traveller himself owned enough to keep him from boasting. But he was also pained to observe, that a vast deal of traffic and hard labor was enforced on the sabbath at a great number of landings, which might easily have been avoided by a slight difference in the arrangements for the voyage. The captains of the steamers seemed aware of the wrong in which they were indulging, and their very excuses showed at least a desire for a better state of things. A great deal of profanity, I lament to say, from various quarters, invades and pains the ear of the serious traveller who takes an extensive tour in this country. When will the influence of the sabbath school, the church, and the family circle, exterminate this loathsome sin from the land? The vice of intemperance also still numbers its devoted armies of miserable followers, whom one everywhere meets with, in spite of the efforts and agitations against it of the last thirty years. Yet several whom I encountered would bear a word of remonstrance and exhortation, if privately and kindly administered; would acknowledge the degrading thralldom of the habit, and would promise strenuous endeavors against it for the future. God grant that their vows may be blessed and fulfilled! How far the vice of deep gaming extends, I was not able to determine, seeing only external symptoms of the habit, which may or may not have been innocent.

Among the pleasant incidents of the journey, one of the earliest was at Atlanta, in Georgia, where, as I happened to be strolling through that wonderfully growing town at the edge of the evening, I passed a Methodist Church; and, hearing a melodious voice raised in singing, I entered, and found that it was the voice of the pastor seated within the pulpit railing, while his little flock were gathering for their evening prayer-meeting. After he had concluded his hymn, he descended and approached where I sat, and, inquiring if I were a clergyman, requested me to conduct the evening's exercises. I consented; but thought it

my duty to inform him of my own identity and antecedents. He answered me that his wish for my assistance was not the less earnest on that account, and that he thanked God he was liberal enough to welcome to his heart and desk every sincere believer in Christianity. After the service, we enjoyed a long and friendly conversation; and great happiness should I enjoy, if it be ever in my power to reciprocate the courtesy, and present this interesting minister to the pulpit of my own congregation. He informed me that there are already in Atlanta, with a population of nearly ten thousand, no less than four flourishing Methodist churches, besides several others of the usual denominations of our country. Widely as we differ from these churches in belief, yet it is impossible for any heart of religious sensibility or philanthropic feeling not to sympathize with the noble zeal which prompts them to establish themselves in every young community, nor to admire the unquestionable blessings which they everywhere diffuse in securing the peace, good order, industry, morality, and religious habitudes of all surrounding society. Well has it been observed, that the most efficient and cheapest police-officers in any country are the ministers of the gospel, who gather their neighborhoods together every week or oftener, and, by their spirit, example, exhortation, and precept, train them into regular, peaceful, virtuous habits of life. Decidedly as I may dissent from the speculative doctrines inculcated in these churches, contrariant as I may deem them to the dictates of reason and to an enlightened interpretation of Scripture, and sad and mischievous as their effects sometimes are on the peace and happiness of individuals and society, yet I cannot withhold my feeble testimony from the positive and inestimable blessings which they have produced throughout the whole extent of my native land. These churches truly have everywhere caused the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Without them, I am confident that many a fair region in America would at this moment have been worse than dens of wolves. The elements of pure and simple Christianity which they have necessarily carried with them seem to me to have overruled and neutralized much of the mischief involved in their unscriptural errors. Therefore do I bless them and bid them God speed for the unquestionable good which they do. May I ever be preserved from any sweeping or absolute condemnation of these life-giving institutions! It is true, I think,

in the words of St. Paul, that "*there is a better way.*" There is a more pure, simple, primitive Christianity than they have as yet inculcated. For that I would labor as long as breath and strength are given me. And I will now try to exhibit some of its workings as manifested in the Western Conference of Unitarians at Louisville, in 1854.

Scattered throughout and near the valley of the Mississippi, are somewhere about twenty churches, that have adopted the distinguishing name of Unitarian. A sense of the value of union and mutual consultation induced them, two or three years ago, to establish an annual conference of ministers and lay delegates. The first was held in Cincinnati in 1852, and was quite encouraging in its character and results; the second, last year, in St. Louis, was a great improvement on its predecessor; and the third, of the present year, in Louisville, Ky., far surpassed the others in numbers, in interest, and in importance. Delegations from most of the Western Unitarian churches were present: these were joined by several ministers and laymen from New York and the North-eastern States; by Father Taylor, the celebrated Methodist preacher to the seamen in Boston; by the senior pastor of the church in Charleston; and, as especially to be observed, by a considerable number of ministers belonging to the Christian denomination, a body of Unitarian Baptists, who have made remarkable progress in different parts of the United States. The whole number of clergymen present must have been forty or fifty, and of lay delegates as many more. The Convention was in session five days, including Sunday, which of course was exclusively appropriated to the usual public religious exercises. Each day commenced with an hour devoted to social prayer, singing, and conference, in which all present were invited to express their sentiments in the most informal and unstudied manner. Nothing could surpass these preliminary meetings in deep and often thrilling interest; and the single hour would willingly have been protracted to two or three, had not the more formal business of the occasion demanded attention. One western clergyman would recite his original conversion to Unitarianism by the reading of some loose sheet which he had accidentally picked up from a Unitarian publication; another would ascribe his to the reading of some of Dr. Channing's writings; another to the plain teachings of the Bible alone. Many would

state the difficulties, trials, troubles, failures, successes, and enjoyments of their ministry; their conflicts with infidelity or opposing sects; and other passages of their personal experience. These were often very affecting. Father Taylor's outpouring and original eloquence moved many a heart, and moistened many an eye. But I remember nothing which called forth stronger emotions than the rehearsal of an elderly lay gentleman, who now resides at the East, but who was formerly a teacher and superintendent of the sabbath school in the church at Louisville. He uttered only a few brief words; but they were so simple, so modest, so honest and true, that they deeply impressed every hearer. He spoke of the delight which his former connection with the school always gave him. He doubted whether his old pupils remembered him; and, if any were present, he called upon them to rise, in order that those who were formerly his lambs might again behold their shepherd and teacher face to face. Immediately about a dozen ladies rose in the assembly; and one of them repeated in a clear, distinct voice, a verse from a beautiful hymn which the gentleman had taught her. There was present an aged and respected Virginia lawyer and planter, who testified to the excellent effects of Unitarian Christianity in that part of the country, and gave a history of the different ministers who had officiated in Louisville, one of whom was a young man of great promise, who passed the last few months of his short declining life in Charleston. One circumstance alone that transpired at these morning conferences filled me, personally, with unutterable gratification. The excellent minister of the church in Buffalo, whom I had never known before, remarking upon the agreeable coincidences and reunions which these meetings often furnish, was pleased to observe that his own attention had first been directed to religion by a discourse which he heard preached in the chapel at Harvard College, so long ago as the year 1822, by the minister present from Charleston. I well remember the discourse alluded to; but I never dared to hope that it had produced an effect like this, and I remarked, with all the truth of my heart, that to become acquainted with such a fact was alone worth a journey on foot the whole way from Charleston to the Ohio. Such was the general character of these morning meetings for prayer and conference.

The body of the day was generally occupied in the more

regular business of receiving reports of the state of the different congregations belonging to the Conference, or of those which were represented by clergymen or others present at the occasion. A great deal of useful and encouraging information was collected from these reports. Our societies at the West appear to be generally in a very flourishing condition. I was equally pleased and surprised to find, in the youthful and talented minister from Detroit, a native of South Carolina, of one of our southern districts, by the name of Mumford, who, having relatives, I think, somewhere in the Middle States, was educated at Meadville, Penn., in the Unitarian Divinity College. This college was also represented by some of its professors, very learned and interesting men. It is in excellent condition for so young an institution, and often graduates as many as ten young soldiers of the gospel. A native of this city and this congregation is at present pursuing there the study of theology, though I know not with what ultimate design.

The reports from some of the *Christian* ministers produced a vivid impression. Mr. Walter, in particular, a sort of general superintendent or bishop of the Western churches, related some facts and experiences which threw the rest of our poor achievements into the shade. Being only about fifty years of age, he had himself baptized more than 3,500 individuals, and had received into the church nearly 10,000. He had married a thousand couples, and had preached two thousand funeral sermons. He had travelled far enough to girdle the earth five times round, and had often passed days without food. His manner of speaking, as well as the character which he bore in the Conference, precluded the suspicion that he exaggerated in any of these statements. This new alliance between the Unitarian and Christian denominations, which may now be regarded as consummated, I consider as the most fortunate event which could have happened for both parties. Each denomination will be likely to borrow from, and impart to, the other, certain peculiar qualities which might be specifically desirable. The Unitarians may acquire a greater degree of animation and missionary zeal, and the Christians receive from their brothers more accuracy of thought and extent of learning. Mr. Walter informed me, that the members, directly or indirectly, belonging to his connection in this country, might be estimated as at least one million of

souls; thus fairly presenting an imposing front among the various denominations of Christianity. They have recently established a college at Antioch, in Ohio, which commenced its operations under very favorable auspices. Three hundred students immediately presented themselves for admission; and the number would have swelled at once to a thousand, had accommodations been sufficient for their reception. A deep interest in this institution is cherished among our Eastern brethren, and large subscriptions are now on foot to release it from incumbrances, and open for it a career of further usefulness.

The report from the Rev. Mr. Eliot, pastor of the church at St. Louis, was also very encouraging. Not exhausted or estranged by the large expenditure of \$100,000 for their costly church, his congregation have recently subscribed \$50,000 more for the establishment of a free seminary in St. Louis. Truly, the world sometimes seems to be awaking to the real value and object of money, and to discover that it was designed by Providence as much for public good as for private gratification.

Besides attending to these reports from the churches, the Convention made it a part of its business to discuss an able report from Judge Pirtle, a member of the church at Louisville, on the supernatural character of Christ and Christianity. It was unanimously accepted, and will probably be published. It also contains a lucid exposition and defence of Unitarian doctrines; and we hope to procure it, ere long, as one of our tracts for distribution. During the sitting of the Convention, several discourses were delivered by different clergymen to large and miscellaneous audiences. The interest of these services was heightened by the ordination of two young men to the gospel ministry. The collation, on the preceding Friday evening, was given by the ladies of the Louisville Church. About three hundred guests were present, including persons of several denominations. The utterances of the several speakers, on this occasion, assumed a much wider and freer range than at the formal meetings of the Convention. The strained bow was decorously unbent; and an unlimited, though chastened spirit of festivity, presided over the scene. One of the most interesting speeches was from Mr. Dean, of New York, a member of the Church of the Messiah, who had recently bestowed a large portion of his ample fortune on an institution of his own devising, for the education of friendless children in a superior

manner. He unfolded his ideas, experiences, and wishes on this subject. Since the Conference at Louisville, he has become also a generous benefactor to the college at Antioch. On Monday evening, the whole of these most engaging exercises were concluded by the administration of the communion in the presence of a crowded congregation. The delegates were entertained throughout the week by different members of the society at Louisville. Thus many new friendships were formed, and the ties were strengthened between these distant members of our denomination and these separated citizens of our common country. My own lot, for the week, was cast in a family, where every gratifying attention, which wealth, refinement, and Christian feeling could minister, was unfailingly bestowed. The death of a lovely child of the family, however, occurred during that period; and the prayers and consolations which it was in my power to render were but a feeble return for the hospitality, which won its way, through tears, to my grateful heart.

In Cincinnati I passed a sabbath, and officiated there in the Unitarian Church; being entertained for two or three days in the family of a former member of this congregation, who has long been one of the staunchest supporters of our faith. I devoted a morning to the examination of the public schools in Cincinnati. These seminaries, both here and at Cleveland, are model establishments, and worthy of a visit from every friend of education in the country. It is considered a privilege by the wealthiest citizens to send their children to partake the advantages of these schools. The pupils, although belonging to every rank in society, exhibit a decorum of behavior, a neatness in apparel, an intelligent expression of countenance, and an accuracy, variety, and extent of instruction, including the science and practice of vocal music, which must fulfil the wishes of the most anxious parents, and augur favorably for the perpetuity and happy working of our political institutions.

A day was given to the great wonders of Niagara, beheld for the first time in a life now fast declining. The mere sense of overwhelming power was not so intense as I had expected it to be. I saw and heard, indeed, a portion of the power of God; but it did not avail to distract my attention from that whole greater world around, whose forests, and mountains, and waters, and stars, and sunlight, and clouds, and winds, and blue over-

arching sky, perpetually and symbolically speak the might, the glory, the beauty, and the love of the all-embracing and adorable Deity. Yet still there is enough in Niagara to reach and stir the most sacred depths of the soul. There is such a commingling of the most opposite agencies, — beauty marching hand in hand with terror, — the roar of eternity coupled with the falling, dashing, instantaneous moments of time, — life and death so near to each other, — awful calmness immediately preceding terrific fury, — the smiling infant and the devouring lion occupying, as it were, the same nest, — that the whole spirit becomes agitated and impressed by the strongest and most contradictory emotions; yet so fascinating, withal, that necessity alone is strong enough to tear one from the spot, and the day of *such* an experience becomes a sort of eternal epoch in one's being.

And now the gentle hand of Providence conducted the pilgrim rapidly homeward. Officiating one sabbath in the First Church in Salem, and another sabbath in Baltimore, his day, on the latter occasion, was divided among four families, whose members had favored us with their presence at the recent dedication of our church. One day more was given to the capital of that vast country, a large portion of whose surface had so recently been traversed. But the waters of legislation had just before tumbled in fury over the cataract, and nothing was now witnessed but a comparative calmness of the elements far down the stream; while the patriotic prayer was breathed, that that calmness might not be deceitful, but be spread and perpetuated, amidst accumulating blessings, through the utmost bounds of this our favored land.

Thus, my beloved friends, as the former clause of our text was realized *in my coming to you by the will of God*, so may I not hope that the latter clause has also met with a fair fulfilment; and that, from this report of my humble but agreeable experience connected with the Western Conference at Louisville, *I may, with you, have been refreshed?*

The words which I observe immediately subjoined by the ever-affectionate and faithful apostle, I would devoutly adopt as the conclusion of these unstudied communications: "Now the God of peace be with you all. Amen."

STARS AND MINISTERS.

[DR. THOMAS TAYLOR, minister of Aldermanbury Parish, London, who died in 1631, wrote a book with the quaint title, "Christ's Victorie over the Dragon; or, Satan's Downfall. In a plaine and pithy Exposition of the Twelfth Chapter of St. John's Revelation." His explanations are fanciful, and sometimes absurd; but there is, underlying them all, a vein of quiet humor and practical shrewdness, which makes them well worth reading. He takes up, word by word, the chapter he is considering; shows the allegorical and prophetic meaning, and then draws practical inferences. The latter will hold good longer than his interpretations. And, first, he gets a description of the true church, as it is described by "the woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars." The starry crown he makes to be "the shining doctrine of the twelve apostles," and their successors, "which preach the same Christ and him crucified." He then goes on with the practical and modern doctrine, to which we ask our readers' attention.*—E. S.]

The apostles and ministers are as starres in the firmament of the church. The reasons of this doctrine are foure:

1. Starres are in high place; the apostles and pastors are in highest place in the church of the New Testament, above cardinals, patriarches and priors, popes, and the great titles of anti-christian offices, unknowne to the Scripture.
2. Starres are the brightest part of the firmament: so are the apostles and pastors of the church the brightest parts, and shine, or should shine, clearest in the heaven of the church.
3. Starres receive all their light from the sunne: so these have no light of their owne, but receive all their light from Christ, the sunne of righteousness.
4. Starres have not light imparted to them for themselves, but to carry light unto others: so the office of the apostles and pastors is to convey spirituall light to men on earth, living in the darke night of ignorance and error. Which they doe partly by the light of holy doctrine, and partly by their lightsome and unblamable conversation.

Ministers, being called starres, must resemble starres: 1. In *humilitie*. Many things in starres teach it. As, *first*, starres of great magnitude shew but small. The star shewes ten thousand times less than it is. How is he like a star that makes ostentation of all, perhaps more than is in him? *Secondly*, they

* We copy from the edition of 1633, retaining the old-fashioned spelling.

receive all from the sunne: so the minister hath received all. Thy gifts are the Lord's talents; if thou hast received them, why dost thou boast as if thou hadst not received them? *Thirdly*, in their most swift motion they seeme to move very slow: so must the godly minister, in all his course, be more active than seeming; doing his duty, reserving all the praise to God. *Fourthly*, the starres, the nearer the sunne, the lesse is their shine: so the minister, who comes nearer to God than ordinary men, the nearer he comes to God the more humble he ought to be. Why should the starres pride themselves, seeing the sunne from whom they receive all was so humbled, that, being the Lord of all, was yet servant of all?

2. In *stabilitie*, both in their direction and motion, both in holy doctrine and conversation. If the starres were not fixed in their orbes, but erred and wandered up and downe uncertainly, how could the passengers by sea or land be directed by them? So if the ministers be wandering starres, in their doctrine unstable as reeds, and wavering with every blast and storme of times, — their word is this yea, the next nay, — or suppose their doctrine to be the same, yet, if in their life they walke crookedly and disorderedly, sorting with base and evil men in their evils, and licenciously fashioning to the loose humors of men and times, how can the passengers to heaven take direction from them? With what certaintie and assurance can he strengthen others, that himselfe is a wavering-minded man, unstable in all his waies?

3. In *fidelitie* and steadfastnesse in their places. The starres abide in their places, and do not descend to the earth: so the minister, above all others, must have his conversation in heaven, and shunne earthlinesse and covetousnesse as rocks. For how can he lead men to heaven, that himselfe cannot be gotten out of earth? Many shooting starres there are, that are alwaies gliding from place to place, posting after benefits insatiably; and, when they have gotten them, as little intend the office as some secular men; such all the world sees, — the world is all they seeke. So they may finger the fleece, the glebe, the tythe, — let the flocke starve, and sinke to hell; and so they, and their money, and their people, perish together.

4. In *unitie* and *concord*. One star differs from another in glory, in shining, and in luster; one much excels another in

beauty and brightnesse. Some are of the first and second magnitude, some of the fifth and sixth; yet all agree. One envies not another, nor hinders another. So the ministers have diversities of gifts in this life, and this makes them of divers judgements; but yet they ought not to be adverse in affection, in action. None of the greater or higher starres are proud, none envious, none spitefull against another, none study how to crosse one another's motion. If they should run one against another, or crosse one another's motion, the world would fall to confusion. Such tumults and confusions, like a dreadfull earthquake, have wee seene in the churches, by the dissensions and hatefull proceedings of these starres, one against another, forgetting themselves to bee starres, brethren, ministers, or Christians.

5. In *constancy* and continuance in their office. The starres never deny their light to men, nor are ever weary of their motion, though infinitely swift. Ministers must never deny their light, but freely enlighten others; never be weary of doing their duty; never fall to idlenesse and lazinesse, much lesse cast off their callings, remembering the wo denounced on him that preacheth not, or doeth it negligently. A lamentable thing that any preferment should choake a preacher; or that he should do lesse work, the more wages he receiveth. *No earthly occasion hinders the starres either motion or shining.*

Motives to these duties: 1. Thou shalt uphold the crowne on the churches head, by upholding the puritie and shine of holy doctrine. The faithfulnessse of pastors crownes the church. 2. Thy selfe shall be held as a shining starre in the right hand of Christ here. And this right hand shall surely protect, provide for, and defend thee, in thy faithfulnessse; than which, what greater glory and crowne canst thou desire below? 3. Thou shalt, by thy faithful shining, attaine that unfading crowne of glory; by turning many to righteousnessse, thou shalt shine as the starres in the firmament. Remember that good. 'Be faithful to the death; and I will give thee a crowne of life.'

E. S.

KATE A TEACHER.

(Continued from page 50.)

CHAPTER IV.

"SHALL I make any change in your class, Miss Greenleaf?" asked the superintendent. The looks cast at him by Nance Truman and Lucy Ann were any thing but friendly, as he leaned on the top of the pew, smiling at the odd assortment of pupils.

"Not at present, sir, thank you," answered Kate; "I believe we shall do very well together." Then she gave him Mrs. Nelson's note to read, and went to the pew-door to talk in a lower voice about it.

"We will give the objection to our choice of books, which is here hinted, a careful consideration," said he. "I myself object to works of fiction, as the phrase is commonly understood; books having no purpose but to feed the fancy, and perhaps the passions. I trust we have no such trash on our shelves, however; I will assure Mrs. Nelson of that."

"They are carefully chosen, I presume," said Kate, "and of the best tendency."

"Of the best intention, certainly, all of them. We do not find a sufficiently large number that are not open to *any* fault-finding. Few write with judgment, or much care, for the young. The demand for such books must, in time, produce them, however."

Kate had no more to say, and the scholars were glad when she returned to them. Little Margey and Lucy Ann had had a dispute about the right to sit next to her, which was very happily settled, for the moment, by Kate's smiling invitation to the little girl to sit in her lap, and tell what she had found in the pictures; but it was soon revived.

"You are light as a kitten, little one," said Kate, caressing her delicate cheek. "I am afraid you do not play out of doors enough. Ask your mother, when she sees me working in my garden in the morning, to let you come and run about there. I will give you some ladies'-delights, if you will come."

"Yes'm; but shall *she*," pointing to Lucy Ann, "shall she come and get my place all the time?"

"Do you like that place?"

"Yes; it is mine, isn't it?"

Lucy Ann's hanging lip rose into an absolute pout.

"Margey come there first," argued Nance, who felt herself called upon to defend the rights of her protégée.

"I'm sure, I don't care," said Lucy Ann. "I'd as lives set anywheres else; only I won't be put upon."

Helen Hammond said she would let Lucy Ann have her seat half the time. She liked it, but she did not want to be selfish about it. Kate kissed her, and called her a peacemaker; and the dispute was out of countenance, to be remembered only as a lesson.

"Will you have a piece of my cricket?" said Nance, practising upon the new idea. Her spirit of accommodation met with no smiling appreciation, though the toe of a rusty shoe was advanced to a corner, as if to claim the right. Nancy was the occupant of an old round-about chair, of which she had taken possession on the first day of her pupilage.

"Hadn't *she*," said Lucy Ann, pointing at Nance, "hadn't she ought to let the teacher have the chair?"

"No, I thank you, Nancy," said the teacher, "I do not prefer it."

"She never offered it," remarked Lucy Ann, in a muttering way that was very disagreeable. Nance could have bitten her. Kate thought to herself that she had work enough to do, to infuse the gentle and loving spirit of the gospel into hearts so embittered by daily experience of its opposite. Helen Hammond seemed gentleness itself; and she should have nothing to do for her but help her to new knowledge, she hoped. Love, made a principle, — love, like that of Jesus Christ, how should she best teach, or rather inspire it, in poor Lucy Ann? She must try herself to love the repulsive and unloving pupil: love creates love, and kindness awakens kindness. Nance had more that was genial in her nature, but with less capacity for improvement by instruction, than Lucy Ann. Her mind was like a sieve: no impression was permanent.

Mrs. Nelson's note worried poor Kate not a little. She showed it to her mother one day, and, pleading diffidence, begged to be

relieved of the dreaded duty of calling upon that very unpromising lady.

"I'm so afraid of her, I shall not be able to say a word for Lucy," said she.

"But your opinion will weigh with her; and, if she thinks *you* take an interest in the girl, she will be ashamed of her neglect, which is very apparent indeed."

Mrs. Greenleaf declined helping Kate at all. "What is a duty for you, in me would be simply meddling. It is not for me to interfere or advise. Neither should I be successful."

"Oh, I think you might!"

"Nothing makes people so bigoted to their own opinions or course of action, as an unauthorized attack upon them from an equal or superior. A remonstrance from below can be graciously listened to, and a concession gracefully made; so you may find strength in weakness."

"Do you think there is any thing really injurious in story-books carefully selected?" said Kate, anxious to be fully persuaded in her own mind. "It seems to me, mother, that if they are objected to simply on the ground that they are fictitious, and therefore not a fitting vehicle of moral truths, the parables of our Saviour are also proscribed. He taught the ignorant, common people in the way best adapted to them, surely; he spoke directly to their hearts. 'Without a parable spake he not unto them,' says Matthew, I remember; and, limit the phrase as we may, it is significant enough."

Mrs. Greenleaf did not think any farther discussion necessary; nor was it possible, as a vociferous dispute had arisen between two of the youngest children. When Kate looked in with her bonnet on, as she was about to go out, she saw two little faces upturned with eager gaze; while from her mother's lips flowed, in soothing tones, the same story about trying to agree, which she remembered had been the parable of the golden rule to her own childish comprehension and conviction. She stepped softly back, and with a beaming, happy face, went down the steps. She was met at the gate by her old friend Caroline.

"I am come for help, Kate, and you will not say me nay." The afternoon was fine, and Caroline preferred walking with Kate to going in. They turned out of the noisy street into a green lane, at the end of the garden fence. Immediately a tiny voice

was heard shouting with joy, and little Margey came running to meet her new friend.

"One of my Sunday scholars," explained Kate, giving a finger to Margey.

"There is a tolerably good understanding between you, I perceive," said Caroline. "You understand little folks, I remember of old; and it is that that brought me over to see you to-day." Caroline's news was, that a Sunday-school was in full operation, the first movement of which had been made in pursuance of her resolve, suggested by Kate's consultation with her. "I was determined to try; and, though our minister was a little doubtful whether a bible-class would not be a better thing on the whole, leaving little children to their mothers and nurses, we have begun, and are overrun with scholars of all ages, so that my husband felt obliged to come forward and help. Well, he has suggested the idea of printing a Child's Religious Magazine, — just a little thing, you know, — with a story in each number; the profits being devoted, for the present, to the increase of our library. I am editor, and he publisher. Now give me a story."

"I wonder if I could not write out one Harry and I used to delight in, and which I left John and Pot listening to with their mouths and eyes wide open! I'll try, Caroline, as you said about the school. Mother will help me out. I will read it to my class before I send it, and see how it takes with them. They show a little need of a lesson: if I can only put life into it, as mother always does, I shall make an impression. But oh, dear! they will miss her tones, her sweet persuasive voice, and her look! I shall try, though. Now come into Mrs. Nelson's with me, and ask her to subscribe."

"I shall not content myself with that. I have an engraving she did for fun. Now I mean to make her talent take a useful turn, if I can: I want some wood-cuts, and some that shall be tolerable."

"But she does not approve of amusing children into being good!" Kate laughed as she said this; and little Margey, in the joy of her heart, laughed too, and jumped merrily.

"One would think the little elf understood your satire!" said Caroline. "But what do you mean?"

Kate showed the note.

Caroline asked if Mrs. Nelson's children had no story-books.

Kate rather thought they had never been denied any thing they wished for: she knew they were indulged more than was good for them, in amusements, toys, and dainties; and it was not likely their mental cravings were sternly disapproved.

"Oh, well!" said Caroline, brightening, "don't allude to the kitchen appetite, I beg, till I have made my proposition. Do you know, nothing opens people's hearts to a good object like taking an active part in it? I shall ask her to read over some of her children's books, and send us a little review of each, to guide our choice in forming a library. Your mother will recommend some also; and I must have your catalogue, you know, though I shall not admit one merely because your superintendent has allowed it to remain on the shelves. Our books shall be very select, I am determined."

"And when you are determined, no trouble daunts you."

Mrs. Nelson received them with graceful cordiality, and Kate was surprised to find herself quite at ease with her at once. Such is the effect of good manners alone, very often. But Caroline's genuine heartiness of manner and character called out a corresponding warmth from every heart that was capable of a glow; and Mrs. Nelson's kindness was unaffected in reality. Kate spoke of Lucy Ann.

"Oh, that poor sulky child!" said Mrs. Nelson. "If there was in her one spark of talent or a gleam of beauty, one could be interested by it, you know."

"Yes," said Kate. "But the forlorn absence of every charm is a claim to compassion."

"I never saw anybody in whom I could discover no one interesting trait," said Caroline. "I'll engage I could make something of her. My aunt had a sulky girl, on whom all her admonitions and teaching seemed wasted; but they sunk in like rain on a thirsty soil. That girl has become a peculiarly unselfish, magnanimous woman, copying the model she had so long before her."

"I gave up too soon," said Mrs. Nelson. "I am afraid Lucy Ann is a hopeless case."

"She is not stupid," gently urged Kate.

"Not *very*," grudgingly replied Mrs. Nelson.

"She tells me she is fond of — of books."

"Only stories, and they make her more sulky and discontented."

"A good sign of her," said Caroline. "It shows a latent ambition of better things."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Nelson, thoughtfully.

Kate thought it a favorable opportunity to produce the note. Mrs. Nelson was willing to reconsider the matter, now that the alarm under which the prohibition was made were gone by. One little volume in a fortnight! why, it was strange if that much could not be read by daylight. She was sure she did not know what the child found to do, droning about all day and neglecting her clothes, and falling asleep at the risk of her life, trying to read by a lamp. She would no longer leave her so much to the cook's management, at any rate. She would have her in the nursery, though the children never could find any play in her, and did not want her, — the awkward, sullen thing, — in their way.

Caroline and Kate went away, after a most hearty shaking¹ of hands, and found little Margey asleep on the grass just inside the gate.

"I told her to run home," said Kate; "but obedience to an unwelcome command she has yet to learn." And she was not allowed to take Kate's hand on the return.

(To be continued.)

A WORD TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Not long since, we were forcibly struck by the observation of a professional friend, — one in whose good sense, clear judgment, and keen perception, we have much confidence, — in regard to the present condition of our sabbath-schools, and of the religious education of the young. "I sometimes feel," said he, "that it would have been better both for parents and children, had such schools never been established. Parents would never have thrown off their responsibilities in the Christian nurture of their children, as too many now do; and religious home-training might not have degenerated into such a mere name, as is now the case, in many families. Not that I underrate the value of the sabbath-school, if well and faithfully conducted: as a truly Christian institution, it might be made a most powerful means for the regeneration of

the world, second only to the church in moral force and efficacy. And we know of instances where this is the case. But so long as teachers are employed, as in many places, wholly unfitted for their work, — so long as those consider themselves competent to guide others, who know little of self-government or self-training; whose religion, in the sight of others at least, is confined to the sabbath-hours, the week-days being given to dress and pleasure and fashion, or mere worldly gain, — while intellectually they have never advanced in the knowledge of religious truth, and make no effort to acquire such, — so long as such is the case, what results can we reasonably expect? If the importance of spiritual realities be not felt by the teacher, and no direct, strenuous effort be made to fit himself for his responsible duties, how can we expect our schools to be the nurseries of any vital religious power or influence! I deem that it would be far better to have two teachers, thoroughly imbued with the right spirit, and thoroughly educated for their work, than twenty chosen at random, simply because there are vacant classes, and some teachers *must* be obtained."

These observations were recalled to our minds but a few days since, in conversing with a friend from a neighboring town, who is much interested in the school with which she is connected. After speaking of kindred subjects, we remarked that our immediate class had been much interested the last year in a series of lessons on the Old Testament, and that the course of study into which we had been led in preparing for the same, we had found peculiarly interesting and profitable. She replied, "I do not think that any lessons on the Old Testament are given in our school, other than merely incidental ones; for, to tell the truth, we have no teachers *competent* to give such instruction. It is difficult enough to procure the aid even of those qualified to teach the simple Gospels; and so long as they can keep the children in order, and talk to them about "being good," we must be content."

Now, does not this represent the true case, in only too many schools, perhaps in all, more or less? Is not the *unfitness of many teachers for their work* the true cause why, with all the array of religious means and influences at our command, so little apparent influence is produced? That we must truly feel and realize what we desire to impart to another, is one of the primary

laws of our being; and to hope to quicken another spirit, to kindle pure desires and aspirations, to convince it of its own deep wants, and to lead it to Christ as its only sufficient Saviour and Redeemer, — unless such has been our own spiritual experience, — is a vain and useless effort. Such an inward life, conscious in some humble degree of its relationship to God and Christ and spiritual realities, is an all-*essential* requisite in the teacher.

But if the child sees the teacher, who speaks to him on the sabbath hours of the duties of self-denial and self-consecration, of the supreme importance of eternal realities, and of the comparative utter worthlessness and insignificance of the merely external and outward, — absorbed during the week in every passing pleasure, devoted to dress and fashion, fond of flattery and amusement, making no systematic or earnest efforts for self-improvement or the good of others, — what wonder that he regards the instructions of the seventh day as of little worth or importance! No: the work is regarded as far *too easy* a one; and so those of little spiritual energy, vital religious power, or practical force of character, enter into the labors, expecting to reap at once an abundant harvest, and are disappointed because they *only* reap as they have sown. The harvest truly is great, but the efficient laborers are few; and a decided and radical change must take place, ere the great system now at work becomes a power and a force that shall *tell* upon the great interests of the church and the world. More of the consecration of that noble band of early disciples, who *first* planted the faith of the cross throughout the hills of Judea, do *we* need, — more of that glowing enthusiasm that led the early martyrs to the stake and the cross; and more of that devoted love that glowed in the heart of the beloved disciple, as he trustingly reposed on his Master's breast. Such a faith do we need, — a new baptism and a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that no longer may our schools languish in want and in hunger for the true bread of life; but that all who come under their influence may receive and feel their quickening power, and become conscious that there is a reality in things unseen; that the religion of Jesus is the only faith adapted to give true happiness in this present life; and that the cross of Christ alone can impart to the soul, pardon, peace, and the hope of eternal salvation.

But there exists yet another difficulty. Why is it that teach-

ers are so little fitted *intellectually* to fulfil their duties? Why is there so very low a standard of the essentials requisite to form a good teacher of religious truths, while the standard of secular instruction has been so rapidly raised among us? There, we doubt not, lies one great cause of the want of a more visible success in our schools; and a want which *must* be speedily met and remedied.

Take even the best conducted of our schools, — and how few of the teachers could pass any good examination in the very fundamentals of Christian truth, in the evidences of religion, the proofs of the genuineness of the Gospels, and their history and transmission! How few, too, possess any distinct idea of the harmony of the Gospel narratives, of the occasions on which the Epistles were written, and the causes which immediately dictated them; while, with many more, the Old Testament, with its rich stores of biography, history, poetry, and prophecy, is regarded with utter indifference; and the origin and history of the Jewish faith, in its peculiar relation to Christianity, is considered as of little moment! How little definite information does there exist, too, of the relations of Christianity to the general history of the world, of its influence upon art, civilization, and language!

But why should teachers, thus unprepared by a proper course of study for their important work, be employed in our sabbath-schools any more than in our common-schools? Why should they not be required to pass a thorough examination in certain studies, before assuming such a responsibility? Would it not be more for the interests of our schools, in general, to have fewer teachers, and these *thoroughly* fitted for their work, than to have so much vague, indefinite, hap-hazard teaching, as is now often given? Much as we approve of the division of our schools into small classes, where alone the teacher can become intimately acquainted with the peculiar dispositions, wants, and temptations of each pupil, and thus adapt his instructions accordingly, — we have sometimes thought that it would be better to have larger divisions, under the care of competent instructors, than to have so many uneducated teachers employed.

True, they may be able to hear the simple recitation from a given manual, — the mere questions and answers, — or “to talk to the children about being good;” but we want, not forms, but *life*; the power to quicken and arouse thought, to excite curiosity

and research, to shed the charm of illustration upon subjects and words, which, from habit and a mechanical manner of reading, have become mere barren formulas to the child.

And why should not such branches of study be regarded as *essential* to a good education, no less than a certain definite knowledge of mathematics, philosophy, or history? No branch of knowledge, indeed, is *useless* to a religious teacher; all serve to develop his own mind, to strengthen his powers of thought, reasoning, and observation, and from all he can draw lessons of spiritual wisdom and truth; but there are also studies directly connected with his interests as an immortal, responsible being, that should not be neglected. The greater part of six days in the week are devoted by the pupils of our sabbath-schools to studies of a more secular nature, guided by those who have been long preparing for their work, and whose whole time is devoted to it. Why should all the direct religious instruction received by them, upon all the vast themes of eternity and immortality, be confined to one single hour of the sabbath? And, even then, the teacher sometimes affirms, that the "school has been too long."

We feel assured, that in many quarters a new system must be adopted, or rather a new life be infused into the established forms, before the results are witnessed which we have a good right to expect from the present expenditure of means in this cause. The school should *not* be crowded into a *single hour* of the sabbath. More time should be sacredly set apart for it, and during that portion of the day when both mind and body are fresh and vigorous. But to have all the general exercises of the school, reading, singing, often some address from the pastor or superintendent, as well as all the direct instruction in the classes, comprised in one single hour, seems to us utterly without reason. What plan ought to be adopted, we will not positively state. Every change in the established routine is attended with some disadvantages; and the suspension of the afternoon service in our churches, we know, has its evils.

Yet if all were engaged in our schools, who *ought* to be there, by *right of their Christian calling* as members of Christ's church on earth, they would embrace all who now attend the afternoon's services, and we might hope, in some quarters, many more. For they could include, not merely the younger members

of a parish, but there could be Bible-classes of the more advanced pupils, classes for mutual improvement, &c.; and, in many cases, the pastor's aid could be enjoyed, which often cannot be now rendered, where the duties of the pulpit through the day exhaust his powers and energies.

In many of our country parishes, too, how often are two services at church, and the duties of the school also, crowded into three or four consecutive hours, by which mind and body become weary and listless! How much better one service well conducted, and a school, where the exercises are less hurried, and the pupils, of course, better enabled to profit by the instructions!

Yet, if such a change cannot be made at present, and we are aware that there are objections to the same, we would strongly advocate the *morning* hours, *during the year*, being sacredly devoted to this work. Children are required to be at their schools, throughout the week, at nine o'clock, — why not on the sabbath? Let the services at our churches be commenced at eleven o'clock, and the afternoon services somewhat later than is customary, and thus secure the two morning hours, or, at least, an hour and a half, when the mind and body are fresh and vigorous; and a new impulse, we doubt not, would be given to the efficiency of our schools. But let them assemble when dinner is just over, or at the close of the afternoon service, and it requires little observation to mark the difference between the apparent interest then taken in the exercises, and that manifested during the fresh morning hour, when there is no weariness or restlessness.

Might not such an end be attained, and punctuality secured, by a little effort on the part of parents, and perchance by a little self-sacrifice of indulgence and ease on the part of teachers? One hour or more of the time thus set apart, we would have exclusively devoted to the direct instructions in the classes; the remaining portions to be occupied by the reading of the Scriptures, accompanied by some simple explanation, singing, occasionally an address from some competent person, the superintendent or pastor.

But we would earnestly and solemnly utter our protest against the tendency, too common in some quarters, of rendering our schools mere places of *amusement* to children. Religious instruction should, indeed, be rendered cheerful, interesting, and

attractive; but to degrade religion from its native dignity, to divest it of its eternal importance and solemn weight, in order to excite the momentary smile or laughter by some undignified illustration, or a mere familiar, off-hand manner of address, or to occupy the limited time by mere story-telling, or a vague, rambling address, without point or force, we regard as utterly unworthy the sacred hours of the sabbath, or the object of the school. Children cannot be too deeply or too early impressed with the *solemn reverence* due to all the themes of religion; and, where this is in *any* measure violated, we regard it as an infinite wrong done to the cause of truth and holiness.

Were these few, solemn words of the Saviour's ever to be remembered by those who conduct such institutions, — "God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," — were they to know from experience what is meant by

"The perfect powers of *godliness*,
The omnipotence of love,"

we believe that all tendency to flippancy and lightness, ever to be deprecated by every serious mind, would soon be done away with.

Let religious truths be rendered attractive, but attractive through their own innate grandeur, dignity, and worth; impressive, through their infinite importance and solemn message to the individual soul. Such instructions, and such only, do we need; for only truths thus presented, ministering to the highest wants and deepest cravings of the soul, will render our schools places of vital religious growth, and a true spiritual nurture.

As an institution, we regard the sabbath-school as a noble and Christian one, capable of exerting a wide and mighty influence; but we feel that in many places, as now conducted, it is considered too much as a necessary appendage to the church, rather than as performing the same work *with* it. It holds a false position; and a new and quickened sense of its vital importance and solemn responsibilities must be aroused in the hearts of those engaged in it, a deeper interest be manifested by the church and by parents in its truest success, ere it assumes its true place as

the noble handmaid of the church in the diffusion of the blessings of the gospel of Christ.

More, too, of those engaged in the active occupations, and standing on the public arena, of life must be brought within its fold, as laborers in the vineyard, — the men of business, of science, of letters, and of education; for the influence of such is needed, no less than of those from the more retired and quiet scenes of home-life. Many, indeed, have been the faithful, Christian hearts, devoted to this work, both among its earlier supporters and in later years; and it is still more of the *spirit* of such that we now need among us.

And God grant that the day may not be far distant, when all who take to themselves the Christian name may feel their solemn obligation to fulfil, each in his own sphere, the Master's parting command, "to preach the gospel to every creature," to feed the sheep and the lambs of the Saviour's fold. And, when called to his more immediate presence, may it be said to all such, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." H. M.

A HIGHER ORDER OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

THERE may be, and there are, different orders of religious life. If by a religious man be meant one whose leading conscious purpose it is to serve God according to the best light he possesses, then religious men have lived in every age and every section of the world. In this sense it is true, that "many shall come from the east and from the west, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." A man may choose religion for his portion, on the ground of the compensation he gets for it; and, though actuated by a low motive, he is better off than though he neglected religion. A man may become religious out of blind deference to God's command, or out of gratitude for the numerous acts of kindness received from the Father.

Again, if by a religious man be meant a man who, without knowing it, has reference to God in his daily life, occasionally warms up with devout emotions, and habitually acts conscien-

tiously, — who unconsciously says and does many things in a Christian spirit, then we have an innumerable company of religious people in the world.

Unitarians believe that all men possess a religious nature, and that nature will show itself more or less; that every one manifests some signs of intellectual and religious as well as physical endowment.

If, finally, by a religious man be meant one whose religious nature, both consciously and unconsciously, shows itself as the predominant part of his character, — who is religious because he knows and loves God and man for what they are by nature, and because all unspiritual tendencies have ceased to rule him either consciously or unconsciously, — then such religious men are very rare. They are of the higher order of religious life.

It is not wholly a heathen's fault that he does not at present belong to this class of men. He may not yet have been developed. He may not have had his better nature quickened and educated by Christian influences. He may be religious; but religion in him, whether he knows it or not, is not his chief characteristic. He may be Christ-like; but the Christ-like in his case is not what gives him his strength, his reputation, his character, his power, on the earth. He may be conscientious and devout and humble, — he may love God and man; but these qualities are not the chief forces in his life and character; and yet he may be a very useful and a very worthy man. If so be he strives with all his might to be true and faithful to himself, to God, and to humanity; then, though he may not be spiritually-minded as a prominent thing, yet God accepts him with the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

We are what we are for such various and deep-seated causes, that no one can boast over another with any justice whatever. A man may serve God prominently with his hand, his head, or his heart; and who will dare to decide which of these services may be dispensed with, to the least detriment of the whole body?

Judea, Rome, and Greece may be regarded as equally ordained of God to assist in the structure of a true civilization on the earth. Even through the dark ages, God honored ministers, not as his appropriate media of communicating religious life to the world, but as the careful and gifted preservers of the Bible.

So a man now may be a good clergyman, in the sense of having gifts for removing blots from theology, or for keeping meeting-houses open, parishes united, and the institutions of religion a visible power on the earth.

There are more senses than one in which we may honor all men; and there is no sense in which we may despise any, or condemn any, either for what they do, or what they leave undone. To their Master and our Master, we all refer for ultimate and infallible judgment.

We deal only with facts; and we say that there is need of a higher order of religious life in our churches, and that a higher order is forthcoming. We need, and we are having, more men of a deeper *religious* experience, — men in whom the Christ-like is actually the chief element of strength, beauty, and life. Instead of such men being the exception, they will ere long be the general rule; and creed-worshippers and money-worshippers will become the exception. At present, either worldly business or the pride of intellect is giving its unspiritual cast to the age; and few there are, either among the clergy or the laity, who, like our Divine Model, are living unwarped and uninfluenced by the spirit of the times.

There are, however, men and women pre-eminently of the Holy Spirit; and these are to bear fruit abundantly, wherewith to gladden and feed and sanctify the world in days to come. There are more persons in this world to-day, than ever before, whose ruling motive is the actual love of God and man for their nature's sake; and who consider it no condescension, but their delight, to share their glory with those in lower strata of development, — who have it in them to imitate, without an effort, that Divine Beneficence which comes down from heavenly heights of purity to impart thereof to others, and thus exalt them to the same blissful experiences.

The process of changing from a lower to a higher moral condition, from a lower to a higher order of religious life, involves much of supernatural and of human energy. Unitarians are sometimes reproached for undertaking the whole work of regeneration, and Trinitarians for waiting for God to do the whole. The worm has something to do to make ready for its transition-state, before its higher functions will come into use, and itself become a new creature; though, before the right moment comes

for the new experience, it might wriggle itself and strive in vain to fly. Just so, —

“In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,”

till the better spirit in us is touched and awakened by the Master's spirit, conveyed to us through God's appointed channels.

It is, therefore, through Christ and his followers, — through those already living in the risen state, — through those in whom the mind of Christ has taken its abode, — through the Holy Spirit thus flowing from the Father through the Son and his congenial friends, that the world is to be raised from a lower to a higher religious character and life.

Meantime, what shall we do who have not yet been born again? What part have we to perform, until our spiritual nature is waked up, and clothed upon with its heavenly garments? The simple reply is, — come to Christ; follow the best suggestions of our best moments, and put ourselves in the way of the best influences we know of, and God will do the rest by ways and means least expected perhaps by us.

No man is expected to do any better than he can under his circumstances. But who of us does as well as he can? Let us all see that we aim to do as well as we know how; and then, if we go where the higher life is exhibited, it is very likely we shall catch its inspiration, and ourselves become inspirited with a new vigor. God will bless givers and receivers of the Holy Spirit in proportion to their honest fidelity in the use thereof; and the higher order of religious life will surely come. B.

LIE open, soul! the Beautiful,
That all things doth embrace,
Shall every passion sweetly lull,
And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, soul! the Great and Wise
About thy portal throng;
The wealth of souls before thee lies,
Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul! lo, Jesus waits
To enter thine abode;
Messiah lingers at thy gates, —
Let in the Son of God!

. DAVID THE OUTLAW.

WHEN, in a burst of enthusiasm, where hopeful patriotism joined with religious amazement, a crowd of pilgrims came pouring down the side of Olivet into Jerusalem, scattering leaves and branches before Jesus, or closing up after him eagerly, as with his company of proud disciples he passed along;—as they cheered him in the frenzy of the moment, the best title their poetry or their history lends to him is — “The Son of David.”

The children of Jerusalem catch up the cry; and, in this triumphal day of that eventful week, they shout after him, in the temple or in the streets, “Hosanna to the son of David!” This name is that which his persecutors regard with most dread of any. It touches the heart, quick-beating and sensitive, of all the nation’s warm poetry, and all its pride. They would fain check such language. And when they turn the tide of enthusiasm, and bring him to the cross, it is not as “the Son of David,” but it is as Jesus of the despised Nazareth, or as the King of the Jews, that they expose him to the people’s ribaldry and vengeance.

To allude, merely, to the Psalms of David, and their glad welcome by all Christian hearts; to speak of the blessings they bring to mourners unnumbered; to speak of the tones of triumph with which village-art or the choirs of cathedrals fling forth their words upon the winds, — is to show how this same David, poet-prince, poet-shepherd, poet-mourner, poet-penitent, or poet-exultant, has found a like welcome into Christian hearts; how he is received among us, even now, as no other hero of war, of history, or of literature, is welcomed. Of all the monarchs of song, he is the only one who comes unquestioned into the closet of affliction; throws its door back, with his golden key; and, with his eternal lyre, so much

“Mightier than his throne,”

sings now the words which express our deepest grief and our only hope together. He is the one poet-friend, whom we can always hear, who always soothes because he always sympathizes, and never once stoops downward to console.

I shall try here to show how these Psalms of David connect with the history of his life.

Do not attempt to analyze their mysterious power. As well analyze the power of sunset over you. I do not attempt the impassable line between such inspiration as is his, and such inspiration as is Paul's, or as is Augustine's, or as is Milton's. These lines are never to be drawn, and we ought to rejoice that it is so. Let us simply accustom ourselves to look at the poet, as of like passions to ourselves, and perhaps severer trials. Let us follow along the thread of his career, to learn that it is not merely the magic of genius which entrances us, nor is here the descent of the Holy Spirit into a *lonely* heart unlike ours, or a heart shut up in temple-courts or in palace-grandeur. No! we have in these Psalms of his the inspiration which visited one of warm heart, intense affections, eager purposes, in the varying scenes, in the strange chaos of emotion, through which such a heart passes, from step to step of its pilgrimage; — from ruddy youth, when the young shepherd-boy is sent with a message to his soldier brothers, to the tired old age which knows the aching of the head that wears a crown; and, as it takes its last look on earth, sees the greatness of God through clouds of human disappointment. For the deathbed charge of David to his son mingles the most earnest devotion to God with the most rancorous vengeance against men!

Without attempting even a glance at this whole career, we will confine ourselves now to David's life before he came to the throne.

Any child can repeat the story of the conflict which first brought the shepherd-boy to the eye and thought of the Jewish people. The form of that narrative, so complete in its detail, though in the midst of so brief a history, is enough to remind us of the way in which David's life is written. You are reading of the *people's* hero, as the *people* preserved accounts of him, in days when few wrote or read, but when men none the less prized youth and heroism and genius. The written life of David, therefore, is like that of King Arthur among the British peasantry, or the great Bruce among Scotchmen. It is not a set, dull biography, made up of state-papers and files of correspondence. It is the vivid legend as fathers told it to children, and they to theirs. Years will be passed over, in such a history,

without a word. And then again, of some little side-scene of adventure, there will be the clear detailed account; because that day there happened to be by, some one with vivid eye, who lived long enough, with clear memory enough, to tell well the story to those who came after him. It is just the way that we could ask that the memory of such a hero should be preserved.

The ruddy-faced stripling, who by one exploit became the champion of Israel, the hero of her ballads, the household word, and the admiration of her women and children, was called soon after to the barbarous court of King Saul. The king is dejected, almost mad. And David, the young hero, is sought for, that this wonderful harp of his, and those poet-words of his, which all Israel heard the day he answered Goliath, and his skill in singing too, may soothe the troubled spirit which chafes beneath the thorny crown. Here we may place some of those Psalms which have quieted so much unrest since then, such words as —

“Many will say, ‘Who will show us any good?’

Lord, lift *thou* up the light of thy countenance upon us.”

It is not hard to see how the mere presence of the fresh young herdsman soothed the ambition of the care-worn king. And as David's chiefest gift, the master-key of his power, is his intense sense of God's nearness; — as he had in him, and could not but utter, the perfect faith that the Lord heard him, in whatever afflictions; that, wherever he rested, it was on the Rock of Ages; that, wherever he journeyed, he was girt about by the Power Eternal, — it is little wonder that he could bring to the worn-out soldier, weary of men, of princes, of fighting, and of statesmanship, just that panacea which is the only cure for care. It does not meddle with any separate sorrow; it does not stop to force away one separate trouble, no, not to brush away separately any one tear; *but, with the omnipotence of its faith, brings in the controlling sense of the Presence of God; his entire Love, his absolute Support. And with that it bears up all sorrow, all trouble; wipes all flowing tears; and gives strength to bear the tribulations which are so precious, perhaps, that they ought not to be swept away.

But such gifts, warlike success, grace of bearing at courts, and omnipotence of eloquence, make the wayward king jealous of the shepherd-courtier. There comes into the story one of those

personal enmities of the eastern courts. The favorite of to-day is marked for death to-morrow. David, to-day the favorite aid of the king, to-morrow escapes his javelin, and must flee from his presence. And he cannot return to his home, Bethlehem, to its sheepfold and star-watching. The king's jealousy pursues him there. Driven from the court, driven from home, he is an out-cast in the deserts and mountains. Year after year, with a band, now large and now small, of outlaws, he reigns the king of the greenwood, indeed master of their affections, but hunted down by Saul and his officers. Here it is, however, that he wins the popular love; — here that he becomes the hero of ballad and romance; — here that he finds Saul asleep, cuts off a piece of his garment as a token, and spares his powerless life; — here that he gives the theme to story-teller and night-encampment, from that day to our day; — here, more than all, that there comes to him, in his young manhood, that absolute knowledge of nature's wonders, that close communion with her heart, which translates her miracles into men's language, and sets them down in words in the inspired song. It is not David the King, in his house of cedars, who tells to all time of the echoing thunders of the mountains.

"The voice of the Lord is heard above the waters !
 The God of Glory thundereth !
 The Lord above the great waters !
 The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars.
 Yea, the Lord breaks the cedars of Lebanon !
 The voice of the Lord forks the flames of the lightning !
 The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness !
 The voice of the Lord maketh bare the forest !
 He sitteth above the storm !
 He sitteth King for ever."

It is no carpet-knight, it is no purpled Solomon; but one who has camped among the torrents of the hills, and listened the night long to their echoes of the storm, who tells you that —

"The foundations of the hills moved and were shaken."

That

"He bowed the heavens, and came down ;
 He did fly upon the wings of the wind."

It is no one but an exile, whom mad jealousy has driven into the wilderness; who, as some morning he sees the white vapor

rise thick from the wooded sides of Mount Hermon, form into a cloud, and pass over above the parched, rocky Zion, there to distil in showers of plenty;—none but such as he, who feels that those brother-mountains are more merciful to each other than are brother-men; and in a plaintive tone, sings—

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is as the dew of Hermon, that descends upon the mountains of Zion;
For there the Lord commanded the blessing, life, life for evermore.”

That is, it is not as with men,—who are not *commanded*,—with a jealous Saul, or a crafty Doeg, who are free to enjoy the blessing, life, — or to refuse.

How wonderful, again, is the hold which David has upon his followers in this life among the woods and rocks; and his close hold, though a hunted outlaw, on the popular heart! The men with him never betray him; and the people of Judah, so soon as Saul and Jonathan fall in battle, turn at once to the outlaw-hero as to their king. We are to account for this power over their spirits, as we accounted for his sway over the disturbed spirit of the king. Morning, noon, and night, whether hewing the stakes that fence his cave, or gathering the leaves that spread his desert-couch, these followers of his see that he turns to the Present God, prays to him, sings to him, trusts to him. *They* are proud of their leader's strength; he copes with the beasts of the forest, or he has traced, like an Indian, the unknown trail, and he sings—

“The Lord girdeth me with strength:
The Lord made my path plain.”

They boast of his speed in pursuit, or his prowess in fight; and he sings—

“The Lord maketh my feet like the deer's;
The Lord setteth me on my high places;
The Lord teacheth my hands to war,
That a bow of steel is broken by my arms.
Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation.”

They cannot be jealous of a leader who transfers to another all praise. They cannot but trust a leader who so implicitly

trusts his. They cannot fear with a leader who claims the very assistance of Omnipotence. And here, as in his cure of sorrow, there is no poor spelling-out of the way of God's workings; there are no miserable explanations of details of his handiwork. It is the perpetual appeal to his Omnipotence, the acknowledgment of his Universal Help. Because that is everywhere, each little moment must be right, each little effort must be strong.

Here we are tempted to stop, to correct a misapprehension which might be ingeniously defended, but which ought not to become popular. It is founded on the remarkable fact that the men of genius, or of the nobler forms of divine inspiration, to whom the world owes most, have done their best for the world when it had cast them out, and treated them most harshly. Here is David the outlaw; there are Homer the beggar, perhaps David's contemporary, and possibly his friend; the inspired Paul, a wanderer over the world; the exile Dante; the blind Milton, persecuted and despised by those too mean to prize him; who all gave to the world the choicest gifts it ever received, at the very moment when the world used them most harshly.

On a careless notice of such lives, we should say that the world did not deserve the gifts, and proved it by its treatment of the givers. But this is only plausible, and is unfair. The truth is, that through sorrow we pass to wisdom. It is in the struggles of the flesh that the spirit gains its life. And when God has wished to train an inspired poet for the service of mankind, or, as in the cases of David and Paul, to give to it that which is higher than poetry, he has prepared his ministers, not in kings' palaces, or among those who live sumptuously; but in the deeper and surer training of the wilderness, or by the lessons of beggary, of exile, or of persecution. It is not simply that the world maltreats those who teach it most, but that those whom it maltreats have the best chance to learn the lessons they are to teach it. Had David never been an outlaw, we had never had his most precious Psalms.

It is at this point, however, that there comes in the frequent sneer at David's sinfulness. Faithful, favored, afflicted, hated, and loved, he often fails, falls back, hates his brother, and offends God. Is this such a problem, however? Whenever I am asked

how he comes to sin, by people who point out curses at which we shudder, I answer it is because he is a man, and not an archangel. They say the angels rise for ever; never stumble, never fall. Little use for us would be the history of such life. Here is David, falling, to rise again; falling, to be strong again; sinning, to repent again. And we have the whole story, shade and light, winter and summer, of his life. All the better for us if we will take it all! It is only a Pharisee who thinks he is a just man, needing no repentance. And over one soul which sins and repents, there is more joy in heaven than for ninety and nine such as he! "We make too much of faults," it has been said: * "the greatest of faults is to be conscious of none. David had fallen into sins enough, blackest crimes. There was no want of sins. And so the unbelievers sneer, and ask, 'Is this your man according to God's heart?' The sneer is a shallow one. What are faults, what are the outward details of life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptations, — true often-baffled never-ending struggle of it, — be forgotten? 'It is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps.' Of all acts, is not repentance, for man, the most divine? The deadliest sin were that same supercilious consciousness of 'no sin. That is death. The heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility, and fact; is dead. It is pure, as dead dry land is pure. . . . David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best; struggle often baffled, sore baffled down, as into entire wreck, yet a struggle never ended; always with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in fact, always that, 'a succession of falls'? He can do nothing else. In this wild element of a life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen deep abased; and always, with tears, with repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again, still onwards. That his struggle be a faithful, unconquerable one, — that is the question of questions. We will bear with many details, if the soul beneath be true."

* Carlyle in "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

Who is afraid to take such a man, such a sinner, such a repentant, for his soother in sorrow; his voice of penitence, or of prayer? No one, — who studies life and religion in his own history, rather than in polished books of impossible morals. So take David to your heart. When, with his golden key, he opens your closet-door, and comes in, and strikes his harp, and sings the words that speak for you, your repentance, or your agony, or your triumph, — you need not be afraid to let him stay. Yes; and that you may know him better, and prize him more, trace him along in this mountain-life, from hill-side to valley, to bald cliff or summit, and read as he sang. Do not seek the freshness of the wilderness in the Psalms which he wrote in his palace-study, nor for the luxuries of temple-choirs in the words which he sang beneath the open sky. Each has its own way to utter its own lesson.

As we thus fall into sympathy with the outlaw-poet, this wandering child of God, we cannot but remember how different the future of those open-air songs of his, from any thing to which he looked forward. His anxieties those days were for his own life, or his followers' food. His triumphs were when an enemy was deceived for a day or two, and thrown off his path; or when a friend met him, with store of dates and parched corn, and wine for his men. If, one of those nights, he had asked himself what duty that day had done for men, the first answer would have been, "To-day I found food which will make these gallant friends strong for a month to come!" Or, "To-day we drove back the Philistines from a foray upon the shepherds of Esdrael." And if any spirit had asked him of the song of praise he sang that morning, what that were worth, — unconscious genius would have answered, "It was the best I had. I had no bullock to offer in sacrifice, and I rendered this firstling of my lips as my oblation. The Lord knows it was my best; and the Lord will ask of me no more."

So little do we know of the work which God is working at our hands! Are we his faithful friends? So we, too, shall perform wonders which we know not of; and when we seem to have no mission, no duty, it may be that we are working for the farthest time.

A little thing were it, whether the Philistines succeeded that day, or were foiled, in that attack upon that sheepfold! But

what if no voice had set to words, that night, the eternal truth, that —

“ The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork,”

David knew he was in God's hands. He knew that he was his friend. And so those weary days of waiting in the wilderness, for he knew not what, brought to him no melancholy, no agony, which did not pass away in some strain of triumph.

We know what he could not know; *we* see what he could not see, — that those days of wilderness-waiting, because they were in God's hands, were to speak the very choicest voices of comfort and of praise to a whole world !

So it is with all those who will only rest in God. They do not know how, perhaps ; but none the less sure are they, that they are hastening his kingdom, and fulfilling his will. So great David's greater Son sat one summer day upon a well-side, and talked with an ignorant woman. And to his disciples, an hour after, he spoke of the harvest which had sprung up from the seed-time of those few words. And they said, “ Where, Lord ? ” for they could not understand how he saw in vision the sea of faces of joy ; the temples of the world's perpetual worship ; the columns of incense from untold happy hearts, which could not have been such, if he had not said, that morning, “ The hour now is, when neither there nor here ye shall worship the Father ; but they that worship him shall worship him in spirit and in truth.” So it is that we help along. We know least what we have done, perhaps, when we have done most. If only we are true “ friends of God,” we cannot work amiss. And to other excitements in the future life, this shall be added, of finding how blessed were moments which we thought nothing.

“ Unconscious Genius ! who shall try to tell
Its blush before the Lord, who knows it well ?
How strange upon its ears the great reward, —
‘ Thy servant's pound has ten pounds gained, O Lord ! ’ ”

R. E. H.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE exercises of the thirty-eighth Annual Visitation were held in the College Chapel, July 18. A dissertation was read by Mr. C. S. Locke on "The Communion of Saints," and another by Mr. Richard Metcalf on "The Interests of Faith as affected by Historical Criticism and Scientific Research." These performances took a value additional to their intrinsic merits, from the fact that their authors had the manliness and good sense to stand superior to a certain false and sentimental sense of injury, more akin to pride than honor, such as has periodical outbreaks in every academic atmosphere, and which seems to have infected some of their classmates on this occasion. One of the class refused to comply with the long-established regulations of the Faculty, respecting the dissertation offered to be read, presenting a piece neither on the subject assigned him, nor suitable in itself. After proper consideration of it, and of the young man's disposition in regard to it, it was, of course, rejected. Three of his fellow-students, who had also previously manifested a desire to subvert the existing rule in the matter, chose to resent this decision of the government, and were forbearingly excused from appearing with their parts. These gentlemen had doubtless persuaded one another into a conviction that they must make a stand, just at this point, for the liberty of the human mind, and meet so grand an epoch in history with the fortitude and solemnity becoming martyrs. But, fortunately, no such woe was laid upon them; and, when that burden comes, they will find a very large number of persons ready to sustain it with them,—their wise friends and advisers, the Theological Professors, among the number. Divinity Hall is not probably to be, at present, the battlefield of any portentous struggle for "free speech and free thought" against spiritual tyranny; nor is a simple case of university discipline to be made the crisis of the hopes of mankind. It is the old story, of impatience and insubordination towards authority, for which small children are sent to bed without their supper,—school-boys are flogged,—undergraduates are rusticated,—and theological students, in the exercise of a consideration justified

probably by their maturer years, permitted to depart with no other penalty than a non-appearance at "Visitation."

As the address before the Alumni was omitted for want of an orator, the afternoon was spent in a discussion of this case of discipline, where both parties were fully heard. It was out of all order; as much so as if the Alumni of the College, at their meeting on Thursday, had taken up and revised some punishment inflicted on an undergraduate. The business was tedious; but it showed a kind and fraternal feeling towards the young gentlemen, on the part of their elders, and will probably prove profitable in the end. It will serve to inform the parishes, also, of the opinions of two members of the graduating class, one of whom (Mr. Fowler, the author of the objectionable dissertation) frankly stated that he made no professions of any faith in Christianity; while another is understood to embrace notions that are Deistical. The regulations enforced by the Faculty were sustained by a unanimous vote of the Alumni. We cordially wish every member of the class a useful and happy life. We trust this unfortunate affair will be speedily overlooked and forgotten; and those of them that hold a Christian faith, we cheerfully commend to the Christian ministry.

The school at Cambridge is irrevocably pledged and consecrated to liberty, — a *Christian* liberty. That gentlemen should avail themselves of its literary privileges, its good name, and its charitable foundations, for a pleasant three years' residence, with the professed intention of becoming Christian preachers, who have not faith in the scriptural records, in the divine and plenary authority of Christ, and in the miraculous origin of revelation, is something anomalous in itself, and detrimental to the church. The practice will not probably be much longer continued.

THE DIVINITY SCHOOL AT MEADVILLE, PA.

THE anniversary exercises were made peculiarly interesting by the dedication of the new Hall, a commodious edifice, finely situated on an eminence commanding the valley and the village, which gives increased stability and promise to the institution. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Hall, of Providence, R. I., and is to be published. The sermon before the graduating class was preached by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and

that before the Alumni by Rev. Rush R. Shippen, of Chicago. The order of performances in the class was as follows : —

Plenary Inspiration. Henry B. Burgess.
 The Prophet Elijah. Lorenzo C. Kelsey.
 The Faithful Minister's Reward. Tyler C. Moulton.
 The Jansenists. John Murray.
 Heathen at Home. D. C. O'Daniels.
 Personal Influence of Jesus. C. C. Richardson.
 Character of Peter. Charles Ritter.
 "The Field is the World." William G. Scandlin.
 The First Crusade. Carlton Albert Staples.
 Music. Nahor Augustus Staples.
 Palestine — as it Was, and as it Is. George G. Withington.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

We find the following brief and well-expressed statement of the terms of Christian fellowship in a report from the "Evangelical Consociation in Rhode Island," respecting a correspondence with ecclesiastical bodies which tolerate slaveholding: It may well be considered, both in its doctrinal and practical bearings, by our own religious community : —

"It manifestly cannot be extended to all who call themselves Christians: the most corrupt community, perhaps, in our land, claim the appellation of 'Saints.' We cannot be released from the obligation of forming a judgment of our own respecting the Christian standing of those who may ask a recognition as members of the household of faith. This may be an easy decision for us, or it may be perplexing and trying; but the responsibility of it can in no case be evaded. In the discharge of this delicate duty, we are equally to avoid a spirit of Pharisaism on the one hand, and a laxness of principle on the other. Nothing can be more unlovely and unavailing than a self-righteous censoriousness; neither can any thing be more foolish and fatal than a timid compromise with evil. With true liberality of feeling, we are to combine a fearless devotion to principle. Wherever this may require us to draw the line of separation, we must take a final stand, and refuse any further fellowship, confronting the unwarranted imputation of narrowness and intolerance with the calm consciousness of a consistent adherence to our convictions of truth and duty.

"In deciding on a basis of *Christian correspondence and spiritual fellowship*, it is not our province to read the hearts of men, nor can we rest on a professed religious experience, without a reference both to *doctrinal belief* and to *practical morality*: neither of these points can be safely disregarded. In a relation not of covenant, but of correspondence, we cannot, of course, enter into personal examinations; it is sufficient, if the general sentiments and practices of the corresponding bodies are known to be in harmony with our own. While we lay no claim to infallibility, and are bound to judge charitably, and treat with uniform courtesy and kindness those whose speculative

sentiments may differ from our own, we cannot recognize as fellow-Christians those who reject what is to us an essential tenet of the Christian faith, and adopt what we regard as fundamental error. This decision, as is well known, has separated us from those with whom we still share many sacred memories and hopes, whom, in the private walks of life, we highly respect, and with whom we cheerfully co-operate in many public enterprises. On other subjects we may agree; but, as soon as we touch vital issues, 'the inner life,' and the doctrines interwoven with it, we become painfully conscious of a duality of sentiment and feeling, and are constrained to withdraw. We even decline the proffered hand of fellowship, not with anger or scorn, but in sadness; persuaded that we thus bear our faithful testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, and are not chargeable with exclusiveness or bigotry. That must be a strange religious fraternity which recognizes no doctrinal basis, in form or fact, and freely allows the pretensions of every claimant.

"Had some doctrinal error, which we deemed fundamental, crept into an ecclesiastical body, with which we are in correspondence, and were it tolerated there, so that we were liable, in the interchange of delegates, to be compelled either to show discourtesy to a corresponding member, or lend our countenance and fellowship to a dangerous heresy, we should feel, after suitably remonstrating without effect, that our only alternative was a discontinuance of the correspondence. This, precisely, is what our resolution proposes; not with reference to a point of doctrinal belief, but to a point of practical morality. And we know of no surer method of crippling our moral power than to subordinate a question of morality to a question of faith. How could we more effectually expose ourselves to the derision of the world, than by announcing that we cannot, consistently with our principles, extend Christian recognition to a man, however exemplary his life may be, who rejects from his articles of belief the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, but can welcome to full fellowship a man whose creed may be orthodox, though in his daily practice he trample upon the humanity of his brother? We earnestly hope that this Consociation will not occupy a position morally so low."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

ONE of the four leading Quarterly Reviews, of which LEONARD, SCOTT, & Co. publish prompt American reprints, for \$8 a year (throwing in Blackwood's Magazine for \$2 more), is the Westminster. It is the foremost organ of unrestrained speech, perhaps, in Great Britain, though such journals as the "London Leader" may be disposed to dispute for that honor; and it has both the merits and faults of such a character. At different times, three short-lived competitors have been merged in it: The "London Review," started at the same time with itself, by a party radical as its own, but disagreeing on some matters of detail, and the "Foreign Review" and the "Foreign Quarterly;" though we

believe the latter had swallowed the "Foreign Review" before it was itself incorporated in the Westminster. Politically, the Westminster has been something more ultra-liberal than whig; and, theologically, something more heretical than Unitarian. Mill, Browning, Martineau, &c., &c., have been among the chief names of its contributors. At present, John Chapman, the London bookseller, is known as editor and publisher, though the editorial corps is understood to embrace others, both men and women; and the editorship refuses to hold itself responsible for the opinions of individual articles. Of course, the result of this arrangement is a considerable exhibition of talent and freedom. The various departments of theological and natural science, philosophy, political economy, and literary criticism, are ably represented. If there is not consistency, there is animation; and ingenuity often supplies the place of judgment. We have sometimes noticed, especially in the notices of "Cotemporaneous Literature," an unfortunate display of neological cant, — a good deal of that flippant patronizing of the "Pauline" and other apostolic "interpretations," which young students delight in repeating after their German tutors; and, occasionally, a certain half-concealed exultation at every apparent advantage gained by scepticism; a propensity to *magnify* and exasperate the issue between science and revelation; unfairness towards believers in the supernatural and in an inspired Bible, together with a superciliousness nowise justified, — defects which qualify, for the present, the competency of this otherwise admirable Quarterly. It should remember, among other things, the wise saying of an intelligent writer of our own age, that, "in all philosophic inquiry, there is a tendency to the soul's exaltation of itself, which the spirit and genius of Christianity subdues."

The last No. (for April) contains an elaborate politico-economical article on the Census of 1851; a hasty and severe notice of Archbishop Whately's "Preliminary Dissertation" on Christianity in the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" a Dissertation on Prison Discipline; a sharp critique on "Lord Campbell as a Historian;" a very entertaining sketch of Schamyl, the Prophet-warrior, who is figuring so splendidly in the Caucasus; an insufficient notice of Thomas De Quincey; some remarks on the Balance of Power in Europe; the usual survey of Contemporary Literature, and a capital discourse on "Manners and Fashion," from which we proceed to extract some passages as good for this longitude as for Great Britain: —

"Could we add up the trouble, the cost, the jealousies, vexations, misunderstandings, the loss of time and the loss of pleasure, which these conventions entail, — could we clearly realize the extent to which we are daily hampered by them, daily enslaved by them, — we should perhaps come to the conclusion that the tyranny of Mrs. Grundy is worse than any other tyranny we suffer under. Let us look at a few of its hurtful results, beginning with those of minor importance.

"It produces extravagance. The desire to be *comme il faut*, which underlies all conformities, whether of manners, dress, or styles of entertainment, is the desire which makes many a spendthrift and many a bankrupt. To 'keep up appearances,' to have a house in an improved quarter furnished in the latest taste, to give expensive dinners and crowded *soirées*, is an ambition forming the natural outcome of the conformist spirit. It is needless to enlarge on these follies: they have been satirized by hosts of writers, and in every drawing-room. All that here concerns us is to point out that the respect for social observances, which men think so praiseworthy, has the same root with this effort to be fashionable in modes of living; and that, other things equal, the last cannot be diminished without the first being diminished also. If, now, we consider all that this extravagance entails, — if we count up the robbed tradesmen, the stinted governesses, the ill-educated children, the fleeced relatives, who have to suffer from it, — if we mark the anxiety and the many moral delinquencies which its perpetrators involve themselves in, — we shall see that this regard for conventions is not quite so innocent as it looks.

"Again, it decreases the amount of social intercourse. Passing over the reckless, and those who make a great display on speculation with the occasional result of getting on in the world, to the exclusion of much better men, we come to the far larger class who, being prudent and honest enough not to exceed their means, and yet having a strong wish to be 'respectable,' are obliged to limit the number of their entertainments to the smallest possible; and that each of these may be turned to the greatest advantage in the way of meeting the claims upon their hospitality, are induced to issue their invitations with little or no regard to the comfort or mutual fitness of their guests. A few inconveniently-large assemblies, made up of people mostly strange to each other, or but distantly acquainted, and having scarcely any tastes in common, are made to serve in place of numerous small parties of friends sufficiently intimate to have some bond of thought and sympathy. Thus the quantity of intercourse is diminished, and the quality deteriorated. Because it is the custom to make costly preparations and to provide costly refreshments, and because it entails both less expense and less trouble to do this for many persons on few occasions than for few persons on many occasions, the reunions of our less wealthy classes are rendered alike infrequent and tedious.

"Let it be further observed, that the existing formalities of social intercourse drive away many who most need its refining influence; and drive them into injurious habits and associations. Not a few men, and not the least sensible men either, give up in disgust this going out to stately dinners and stiff evening parties; and, instead, seek society in clubs, and cigar-divans, and taverns. 'I'm sick of this standing about in drawing-rooms, talking nonsense, and trying to look happy,' will answer one of them when

taxed with his desertion. 'Why should I any longer waste time and money and temper? Once I was ready enough to rush home from the office to dress; I sported embroidered shirts, submitted to tight boots, and cared nothing for tailors' and haberdashers' bills. I know better now. My patience lasted a good while; for, though I found each night pass stupidly, I always hoped the next would make amends. But I'm undeceived. Cab hire and kid gloves cost more than any evening-party pays for; or, rather, it is worth the cost of them to avoid the party. No, no; I'll no more of it. Why should I pay five shillings a time for the privilege of being bored?' If, now, we consider that this very common mood tends towards billiard-rooms, towards long sittings over cigars and brandy-and-water, towards Evans's and the Coal Hole, towards every place where amusement may be had, it becomes a question whether these precise observances, which hamper our set meetings, have not to answer for much of the prevalent dissoluteness. Men must have excitements of some kind or other; and, if debarred from the higher ones, will fall back upon the lower. It is not that those who thus take to irregular habits are essentially those of low tastes. Often it is quite the reverse. Amongst half a dozen intimate friends abandoning formalities and sitting at ease round the fire, none will enter with greater enjoyment into the highest kinds of social intercourse, — the genuine communion of thought and feeling; and, if the circle includes women of intelligence and refinement, so much the greater is their pleasure. It is because they will no longer be choked with the mere dry husks of conversation which society affords them, that they fly its assemblies, and seek those with whom they may have intercourse that is at least real, though of inferior quality. The men who thus long for substantial mental sympathy, and will go where they can get it, are often, indeed, much better at the core than the men who are content with the inanities of gloved and scented party-goers, — men who feel no need to come morally nearer to their fellow-creatures than they can come whilst standing, tea-cup in hand, answering trifles with trifles; and who, by feeling no such need, prove themselves shallow-thoughted and cold-hearted. It is true, that some who shun drawing-rooms do so from inability to bear the restraints prescribed by a genuine refinement, and that they would be greatly improved by being kept under these restraints. But it is not less true that, by adding to the legitimate restraints, which are based on convenience and a regard for others, a host of factitious restraints based only on convention, the refining discipline, which would else have been borne with benefit, is rendered unbearable, and so misses its end. Excess of government invariably defeats itself by driving away those to be governed. And if over all who desert its entertainments in disgust, either at their emptiness or their formality, society thus loses its salutary influence, — if such not only fail to receive that moral culture which the company of ladies, when rationally regulated, would give them, but, in default of other relaxation, are driven into habits and companionships which often end in gambling and drunkenness, — must we not say that here, too, is an evil not to be passed over as insignificant?

"Then consider what a blighting effect these multitudinous preparations and ceremonies have upon the intercourse they profess to subserve. Who, on calling to mind the occasions of his highest social enjoyments, does not find them to have been wholly informal, perhaps improprio? How delightful

a pic-nic of friends, who forget all observances save those dictated by good nature! How pleasant the little unpretending gatherings of book-societies and the like; or those purely accidental meetings of a few people well known to each other! Then, indeed, we may see that 'a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' Cheeks flush, and eyes sparkle. The witty grow brilliant, and even the dull are excited into saying good things. There is an overflow of topics; and the right thought, and the right words to put it in, spring up unsought. Grave alternates with gay; now serious converse, and now jokes, anecdotes, and playful raillery. Every one's best nature is shown; every one's best feelings are in pleasurable activity; and, for the time, life seems well worth having. Go now and dress for some half-past eight dinner, or some ten o'clock 'at home;' and present yourself in spotless attire, and with every hair arranged to perfection. How great the difference! The enjoyment seems in the inverse ratio of the preparation. These figures, got up with such finish and precision, appear but half alive. They have frozen each other by their primness; and your faculties feel the numbing effects of the atmosphere, the moment you enter it. All those thoughts, so nimble and so apt awhile since, have disappeared,—have suddenly acquired a preternatural power of eluding you. If you venture a remark to your neighbor, there comes a trite rejoinder, and there it ends. No subject you can hit upon outlives half-a-dozen sentences. Nothing that is said excites any real interest in you; and you feel that all you say is listened to with apathy. By some strange magic, things that usually give pleasure seem to have lost all charm. You have a taste for art. Weary of frivolous talk, you turn to the table, and find that the book of engravings and the portfolio of photographs are as flat as the conversation. You are fond of music. Yet the singing, good as it is, you hear with utter indifference; and say 'Thank you,' with a sense of being a profound hypocrite. Wholly at ease though you could be, for your own part, you find that your sympathies will not let you. You see young gentlemen feeling whether their ties are properly adjusted, looking vacantly around, and considering what they shall do next. You see ladies sitting disconsolately, waiting for some one to speak to them, and wishing they had the wherewith to occupy their fingers. You see the hostess standing about the doorway, keeping a factitious smile on her face, and racking her brain to find the requisite nothings with which to greet her guests as they enter. You see numberless traits of weariness and embarrassment; and if you have any fellow-feeling, these cannot fail to produce a sense of discomfort. The disorder is catching; it spreads from one to another; do what you will, you cannot resist the general infection. You struggle against it; you make spasmodic efforts to be lively; but none of your sallies or your good stories do more than raise a simper or a forced laugh. Every thing falls dead. Intellect and feeling are alike asphyxiated. And when, at length, yielding to your disgust, you rush away, how great is the relief when you get into the fresh air, and see the stars! How you 'Thank God, that's over!' and half resolve to avoid all such boredom for the future! What, now, is the secret of this perpetual miscarriage and disappointment? Does not the fault lie with all these needless adjuncts, these elaborate dressings, these set forms, these expensive preparations, these many devices and arrangements, that imply trouble and raise expectation? Who that has lived thirty years in the world, has not

discovered that Pleasure is coy, and must not be too directly pursued, but must be caught unawares? An air from a street-piano, heard whilst at work, will often gratify more than the choicest music played at a concert by the most accomplished musicians. A single good picture, seen in a dealer's window, may give keener enjoyment than a whole exhibition, gone through with catalogue and pencil. By the time we have got ready our elaborate apparatus by which to secure happiness, the happiness is gone. It is too subtle to be contained in these receivers, garnished with compliments, and fenced round with etiquette. The more we multiply and complicate appliances, the more certain are we to frighten it away. The reason is patent enough. These higher emotions, to which social intercourse ministers, are of extremely complex nature; they consequently depend for their production upon very numerous conditions; the more numerous the conditions, the greater the liability that one or other of them will be disturbed, and the emotions consequently prevented. It takes a considerable misfortune to destroy appetite; but cordial sympathy with those around may be extinguished by a look or a word. Hence it follows, that the more multiplied the *unnecessary* requirements with which social intercourse is surrounded, the less likely are its pleasures to be achieved. It is difficult enough to fulfil continuously all the *essentials* to a pleasurable communion with others; how much more difficult, then, must it be to continuously fulfil a host of *non-essentials* also? It is, indeed, impossible. The attempt inevitably ends in the sacrifice of the first to the last, — the essentials to the non-essentials. What chance is there of getting any genuine response from the lady who is thinking of your stupidity in taking her in to dinner on the wrong arm? How are you likely to have agreeable converse with the gentleman who is fuming internally because he is not placed next to the hostess? Formalities, familiar as they may become, necessarily occupy attention, — necessarily multiply the occasions for mistake, misunderstanding, and jealousies on the part of one or other, — necessarily distract all minds from the thoughts and feelings that should occupy them, — necessarily, therefore, subvert those conditions under which only any sterling intercourse is to be had."

PUBLICATIONS.

Discourses by Rev. Abiel Abbot Livermore. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. — It has struck us with much force, in reading this volume from one of our most industrious, most respected, and most useful brethren, how large a part of it is concerned directly with the practical, familiar, obvious interests of mankind. It is evidently the work of a live man, writing among live people. Very little of it is put in merely to fill up. In this respect, the volume compares favorably with almost any collection of modern sermons; and it is a quality in which modern sermons appear to us to have advanced generally on the pulpit of other centuries. Mr. Livermore writes with an immediate view to those he is to address; seldom, like Mr. Bartol, to gratify his own literary tastes, or to

indulge an intellectual propensity: having more sympathy with his audience, and less with the world of abstract ideas. He is pre-eminently a man of the passing day, — vital with the life of these times. He is immersed in the present. He rejoices in it, watches it, admires it, listens to it, quotes from it. He preaches both to and from society, enterprise, streets, newspapers. Many of both the merits and the defects of his method spring from this tendency.

In its philosophy of religion, this volume represents the human side more fully than the divine. It is less strong religiously, in fact, than ethically. It understands conduct better than faith, and deals more skilfully with the will and the conscience than with the heart. It is full of action, high purpose, sacred endeavor, grand achievement. It presents the loftiest views of man's work in the world, and the temper in which he ought to do it. It tells him how *he* should think, design, and behave, rather than what God in Christ has done, and is ever doing, for him. It vigorously illustrates and enjoins the performances of a Christian, if it does not magnetically communicate the highest sentiment and emotion of his interior life. It is not wanting in a spiritual element; but it is the spirit of humanity that we behold, struggling upward, rather than the spirit of God's grace descending from on high. It points us forward oftener than upward, and would lead us to bless and glorify the earth, rather than to hold an ineffable communion with the glories of heaven. It is more concerned to send the disciple to the vineyard of toil, than into the closet to kneel and weep and adore. Everybody needs its doctrine; but the old mystics would have thrown it away; and possibly something needs to be added in, to furnish anywhere the most perfect type of the religious character. The sermon on "Self-creation," one of the most powerful and complete in the volume, exhibits the author's turn in his natural and best vein. The whole may be pronounced a legitimate, a very favorable, and an uncommonly able, exposition of the Unitarian pulpit and system.

Mr. Livermore has cultivated successfully a pointed and animated style of composition. We should think he must, at some time in his life, have stood in great dread of being dull, and so thrown himself energetically into the opposite direction. His pages sparkle with interesting thoughts, and bright fancies, and pertinent allusions. Waste words are cast aside, and unmeaning ones rarely take the place of the most vivid and significant. Where the opinions are not original, the air of the discussion is

fresh. He respects learning, but loves men and nature. He values books, and honors classical attainments, but is glad to go out under the open sky; visits schools, helps to found new plans and institutions of mercy, and walks cheerfully through the stirring crowd. Since he took up his residence in the West, he has become celebrated as a writer of brilliant letters on manners and events. Something of the fashion of these entertaining pieces creeps occasionally into his sermons, though rarely (as on p. 165, where scripture is travestied, good taste is twice wounded, and the bible-doctrine of instantaneous conversion, sanctioned as well by scriptural examples as precepts, is sneered at) to the damage of the dignity of the writer's place. In a very few instances, which the author will be willing to have specified this pointedness of expression seems to have momentarily betrayed him into a carelessness, if not a positive injustice, towards truths and interests too sacred to be thus sacrificed. For instance, to make out a case, evil (p. 21) is characterized as only a "black mote swimming in the golden sunlight of all this glorious universe,"—language which the preacher's soberer judgment would certainly pronounce hyperbolical; for he elsewhere (p. 337) declares sin to be a much more conspicuous and dreadful thing,—even "the deep disease of human nature." We suspect that he would hardly be willing, as a Christian minister, to abide by the remark that "we know not which to call the greatest bane of true religion,—conscientious ignorance or wilful perversity." Is there not some extravagance, or some other mistake, in the statement that "twenty violations of faith are not so bad as one breach of charity"? So long as faith and hope *abide* with charity, charity is certainly the greatest; but we can scarcely conceive of the charity which survives after twenty violations of faith as any thing better than a flimsy amiability in the instincts. At any rate, for charity's sake, we trust that when the author wrote, "In Calvinism the night-side of human nature found expression," he intended to say either that the night-side of *theology* found expression in Calvinism, or else that the theology which *contemplates* the night-side of human nature found expression in Calvinism; and not any thing quite so bad as the words literally mean. And a graver offence still seems to us to be committed, probably misrepresenting the preacher as much as it shocks our veneration, when we are told, complainingly, that "the Christian Church in general has not risen above Christ; it has been the *Christian*, not the Divine Era"! If this means anything, it means that the world may be

expected to transcend the Son of God, and that we are to look for a better dispensation than that of our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ. No such offensive intimations appear, except in a single paragraph. The admirable Christmas sermons abound in exalted and reverential representations of Christ's nature and offices; but no one discourse ought ever to be left with so objectionable a sentence uncorrected. It will not do to stab the faith of Christendom, to show the sharpness of an epigram or the wit of an antithesis. What the author's better-considered belief on this subject really is, may be gathered from the following just and eloquent passage:—

"In thus speaking of Christianity being progressive, no one will misunderstand me so far as to imagine that I am saying that there could in the past have been any better religion than that of the New Testament, or that there is needed any new Messiah, any wiser teacher, or any more sufficient Saviour, in time to come; but only that there may be unlimited progress in men's ideas, sentiments, and application of religion. No; Christianity is a spiritual universe. There it stands in its completeness, like the round globe and the blue sky. There it shines like the sun in its perfection; and not an angel from the throne could make its truth more true, its mercy more merciful, its faith deeper, its charity broader, or its hope higher or brighter. Christianity is a fixed quantity, not a fluxion. Jesus Christ is all in all. He drew the cup of human salvation from the stainless fountain of truth. When he said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength,' he gave the maximum of piety, or our duty to our Heavenly Father; and when he said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' he announced the ultimate law of morality, or our duty to our brother man. When he said, 'I am the life,' he for ever excluded the idea of the highest spiritual life out of the line in which he has gone before us as our Forerunner. When he said, 'I am the resurrection,' and died and rose again, he gave the crowning demonstration of human immortality. When, with the blood of the cross, he confirmed his new covenant of love, he stamped it with a seal which no self-sacrifice could ever exceed. When he revealed God as a Father, and man as a brother, he exhausted the moral world of its most precious and hidden treasures, and scattered among men—often, alas! as pearls before swine—the brightest jewels of heaven. Nothing, in fact, can be added to the Gospel to render it more perfect or powerful, or taken from it to make it more pure. It is the beautiful world of God's truth and man's duty, and the Creator himself has given it his benediction and authority, and pronounced it very good, and sent it forth to save myriads of immortal beings. It is the bread of heaven, and there can be no nutriment more strengthening; the water of life, and there can be no clearer crystal, no more refreshing draught."

We have spoken of the style of these sermons. There are two styles. As a kind of literary *feu de joie*, apparently, the author has amused himself and his readers by composing a single sermon

out of the twenty-four, in the manner of a well-known speaker of the day, almost as peculiar for his rhetoric as for his theological heresies and his reformatory zeal. How successfully this has been done may be seen by reference to page 6, and the context. The style is not so good as Mr. Livermore's own. The device is a harmless one enough; but the specimen should have been put in a less prominent place than at the beginning of the book. Finding it there, we are half-inclined to attribute it to unconscious imitation, occasioned by some strong but transient mental impression.

While we have thus sought to observe a fair discrimination, by freely referring to what we venture, with much deference, to regard as occasional blemishes in Mr. Livermore's large volume, we can say, with a firmer emphasis, that it is rich in the beauties and graces of Christian discourse. He has made a worthy contribution to the literature of the American ministry. With his genial spirit, his encouraging and hopeful estimate of Providence and history, his profound and unvarying sympathy with the wrongs and sorrows and aspirations of humankind, his nervous diction, his condensed and pithy sentences, and his enlightened comprehension of the times, his preaching must accomplish large and excellent results. Put into it, in more liberal measure, the gospel-element that is signified by such terms as Sin, Regeneration, Redemption, the Soul lost by Self-idolatry, condemned by a Holy Law, reconciled by Christ, sanctified by the Spirit, and it would be preaching still more glorious and apostolic. It would satisfy those deepest and everlasting necessities of human hearts, which are everywhere the same. It would be efficacious to arouse and save, as well as to instruct and improve. It would act on the busy and tempted life of men and women, in those Western communities, with still more of the power and plenitude of the Great Salvation.

The Spirit of Devotion and of Trade. — This is the title of Rev. Samuel Osgood's sermon before the Western Conference of Unitarian Churches in May, now published by C. S. Francis & Co., for a Committee from the Conference. The conception of the subject is very felicitous. Mary of Bethany, Judas Iscariot, and Jesus Christ, are chosen to represent respectively the spirit of devotion, the spirit of trade, and Christianity adjudicating between them. This idea is strikingly worked out through a course of pointed and animated discussion, and a series of brilliant illustrations. It is not strange that the hearers were strongly impressed by a performance of so much general ability, and so thickly set

with local, historical, and literary allusions. Encouraged by the fact that Mr. Osgood's own editorial pen sometimes indicates his generous appreciation of the value of a fraternal criticism, we will venture to suggest that he could not have had the high models of public discourse in his eye, nor have been in a state of perfect obedience to the standard given him by his good scholarship, when he recorded such expressions as "Old Hunks," "Land-sharks," "Skinflint's ciphering;" "The sneak may think himself lucky if he meets with a good-bye no harsher than the 'rogue's march' that shall drum him out of sight." It is much to be doubted whether, on reconsideration, the preacher would regard such condescensions, in taste and style, as tending either to maintain the dignity of the pulpit, or to the personal edification of any devout assembly.

A Voice from the Parsonage. S. K. Whipple & Co. — This belongs to the multiplying class of pleas for a Christian dealing between Parish and Pastor. It seems to have been designed prior to some similar sketches which have come sooner to the public eye. The purpose of the work, clearly, is to exhibit the mischiefs and sins which are likely to attend any relation between a minister and his people that is not thoroughly generous and fair on both sides. The subtle processes by which an immoral and destructive policy creeps into this relation, — the meanesses that may disgrace the parochial character, the disorganizing power of a few factious malcontents, the fatal growth of suspicion and ill-will, the errors of well-meaning pastors, are all graphically described. The narrative, though simple and straight-forward, is not without a strong and painful interest. If a large predominance is given to difficulties of a pecuniary nature, it is probably because these difficulties have really grown, in many places, into the most serious importance. In this regard, the book does for the recent "Statement of Facts," issued from Boston, disclosing the financial disabilities of the New England clergy, what a set of plates does for a scientific treatise, or a series of colored engravings for a work of physical geography. Of the fidelity of the whole, taken as a picture of the country parsonages generally, we feel hardly competent to judge. There is certainly instruction in it. The story has a lifelike air; and many readers will here find entertaining portraits of personages they have personally known, and individual names for generic foibles. Col. Presbury and Miss Bemis represent facts which have sorely tried many a minister's Christian patience. We hope this department of literature,

so rapidly increasing of late, may do something to purge a morbid condition of things of its disordered elements.

Substance and Shadows; or, Phases of Everyday life. By EMMA WELLMONT. J. P. Jewett & Co. — We are glad, if not a little proud, to meet this new proof of the success of our friend "H. S. E." in authorship. Under the above descriptive title, she has brought together a great variety of bright and entertaining papers. With a quick eye for the moral meanings that lie hid in common things, a genial and generous heart, a style that unites ease with dignity, and force with constant good-nature, she always leaves her reader *feeling better*.

Russia and England; their Strength and Weakness. By JOHN REYNELL MORELL. New York: Riker, Thorne, & Co., 129, Fulton Street. — Mr. Morell writes in the English interest with a vigorous pen, considerable intelligence, great dissatisfaction with the present ministry and the conduct of the allied armies thus far, a definite and plausible plan of his own for the campaign, and a perfect certainty that he is right. The accounts of the gallantry of the Circassians, and the bravery of Schamyl the Prophet-warrior, have a wild and savage interest.

Martin Merrivale. — Phillips, Sampson, & Co. No. 6.

Guido and Julius. Gould & Lincoln. — We wish to give this searching, vital, spiritual work of Dr. Tholuck a very particular recommendation to our readers. Some of them are perhaps already acquainted with it, though no complete translation has before appeared in this country. The first part was given some years ago in the Biblical Repository. Under the form of a narrative and correspondence, it presents the two great doctrines of Sin, and the Propitiator, both in their absolute and essential power, and in their practical effects on two earnest, intellectual young men. It thus brings out into sharp and edifying contrast the New Testament way of salvation on the one hand, and the superficial method of Rationalism on the other. Originally designed by the Halle Professor as an answer to De Wette's "Theodore," it has, doubtless, borne a considerable part in the recent Protestant Evangelical Reform in Germany. It is short, and easily read through; and the style, though abounding more in classical allusions than is necessary, is interesting. As touching the precise point in religious experience that is most likely to occasion perplexity and confusion, it must be of great use to the minister in his pastoral offices.

Records of the Bubbleton Parish. — Abel Tompkins has put out

a humorous story under this title, which seems to fulfil the conditions of popularity. It is still another of the lengthening train of tales, illustrating the faulty relations between pastor and people; though it differs essentially from any that have gone before it. If parochial disorders are not cured in our day, it will not be for want of doctors or medicine. The "Bubbleton" grievances are set forth with vivacity and good-nature. They are not colored with the peculiarities of any sect, nor is the narrative a literal transcript probably of events occurring in any single locality. But the manifest resemblance between some of the materials of the fiction and well-known facts pertaining to the history of certain localities will doubtless help to arrest public attention.

Gan-Eden; or, Pictures of Cuba. J. P. Jewett & Co. — We took up this elegantly-printed volume, receiving it as only an uncommonly comely specimen of summer literature, such as the eye might wander luxuriously over for a quarter of an hour, and willingly forsake. But we soon found ourselves in the presence of a master of the powers of speech not to be so easily put by, and were even obliged to go through to the end. Very easy, and melodious, and subtle, and otherwise tropical, to be sure, and very tempting the manner is: it is, however, the carelessness, not of neglect, but of accomplishment, of resources, of consummate skill. The writer lounges, as we should expect, in the languid atmosphere and voluptuous scenery where we find him; but he lounges like a gentleman; and with the graces of the "Garden of Delights" we find many gleams of Northern genius and Anglo-Saxon energy. If steadiness of purpose and robust application should mature his powers of thinking, indicated by glimpses in parts of this volume, in proportion to the present perfection of his style, he will have it in him to do the world some service. Alluding to the "Young America" declamation which insists that the acquisition of slaveholding Cuba would be an advantage to the United States, he says, after giving reasons, "It is hard to reason with 'Orators of the Human Race,' but harder to believe that buildings can be safe, *whose lightning-rods end on the roof.*"

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By Mrs. H. B. STOWE. Illustrated by Billings: 2 vols. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. — Before we write, Mrs. Stowe's book of travels has passed the ordeal of the public judgment, and been pronounced successful by the common voice. Singular as it is, this record of things seen and heard abroad is hardly less interesting than if a thousand tongues had not told us the same story before; so inexhaustible is the

wealth of one creative mind, and so varied are the aspects of nature and human life. Mrs. Stowe tells us much that is worth seeing about the higher classes in the Old World, but more that is truly valuable of the laborer, the peasantry, the thinking and suffering of those immense masses of life that God is about to lift into light and privilege. It was impossible for her not to refer often to the fame of her own writings; and what it is impossible to avoid is not egotism. She writes with an ease that runs sometimes into carelessness; but the unmistakable stamp of genius is there. We have read most of what she has written for the last few years; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, whatever she may do hereafter, her place among the potent spirits of this age is securely taken. It is a great thing to talk to the world by the space of six hundred pages, in such a genial, obliging temper. Most tourists take the occasion of their foreign travel to brush up their historical acquisitions and general learning. To some extent, it is so with her. But her line does not lie in that direction. Her concern is with the present day, and through that with the future. It was a grave and vulgar error to introduce the fulsome stuff of which extravagant platform speeches, public receptions, and newspaper claptrap, are made, into the introductory portion or any other portion of so clever a work.

Spear's "Prisoner's Friend."—Mr. Spear keeps quietly and indefatigably at his amiable task. His periodical has been greatly improved. It is now one of the handsomest journals, in appearance, on our desk; and his plans for the future contemplate still further progress. There is good scope and novelty to the articles. Indeed, there is a lively sympathy with whatever affects the humane movements of the times. The September number, already issued, contains some very interesting remarks on a subject which must soon come practically before the people of this Commonwealth,—a State Reform School for Girls.

The Belief of the First Three Centuries concerning Christ's Mission to the Underworld. By FREDERIC HUIDEKOPER. Crosby, Nichols, & Co.—We happen to know the enthusiasm and indefatigable industry with which the learned author has prosecuted the studies that have resulted in this volume; but its subject is so important to every theological scholar, and its intrinsic merits are so great, that it does not require any personal interest to recommend it. The design is to show the opinions of the Early Fathers on the doctrine of the descent of Jesus into Hades; but incidentally, and very strikingly, this is made to involve a conclusive argument for the authenticity of the Four Gos-

pels, by proving that they could not have been mere reflections of church-notions, or fabrications of later times. The treatise bears characteristic marks of thorough scholarship, and is very happily arranged.

Protestantism in Paris.—Here, under rather an inaccurate title, are translations of six discourses of M. Coquerel, who has become as well known to American readers as many of our own prominent metropolitan preachers, both by his writings and by the reports of travellers. The titles are, "The Second Death," "Eternal Punishment," "The Faith of Thomas," "Christianity a Great Joy," "St. Paul, the Thirteenth Apostle," and "The Two Promises to Piety."—Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

Seed-Time and Harvest, or Sow Well and Reap Well, is the title of another of the popular, practical, and happily illustrated volumes for the young, by Rev. W. K. TWEEDIE, D. D. Published by Gould & Lincoln.

Grains of Gold; being selected passages from the published Sermons of Rev. C. A. Bartol, issued from the office of the American Unitarian Association, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Miles, the General Secretary. Mr. Bartol's discourses always unite true genius and true piety in their composition; and some of the most striking of his pure thoughts and golden sentences are here collected into a neat little volume, not much too large for a gentleman's vest-pocket.

Hymns for Sunday School Worship; with a Selection of Appropriate Tunes. Rev. J. F. W. WARE, editor. Crosby, Nichols, & Co., publishers.—This collection embraces about a hundred of the hymns in our language best adapted to the understanding and taste of children. Teachers of Sunday Schools should, by all means, examine it, whenever they would supply their classes; and it is equally well adapted to use in the family.

We have received Rev. Dr. Hill's admirable Sermon on the character of Hon. John Davis; Sermons on the Burns rendition, by Rev. Messrs. Gannett, Clarke, and Willson,—all of the right tone; and a controversial discourse, by Rev. C. M. Taggart, of Charleston, S. C.

We have before us a large collection of beautiful specimens of electrotype engraving from *Whitney, Jocelyn, and Annin*, 58, *Fulton Street, New York City*; showing that printers, and others having occasion to order any such, or any kind of engraving on wood, would do well to examine that extensive establishment.